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LITERATURE.

Familiar Letters of Sir Walter Scott. In 2 vols. (Edinburgh: David Douglas.)

THE season of 1894 opens prosperously with the publication of the *Familiar Letters of Sir Walter Scott*, a book sure to be widely and ardently welcomed, whether as a precious addition to our somewhat meagre store of epistolary literature, or as an important supplement to the two main sources of information hitherto accessible to the student of Scott's career: namely, the *Life* by Lockhart, and the *Abbotsford Journal*, first published in its unabridged form some three years ago. The new volumes include not only the correspondence now in the possession of the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott at Abbotsford, but also a considerable number of heretofore inedited letters exchanged by Sir Walter with certain of his dearest friends, these having been placed by the representatives of the latter at the disposal of the editor and publisher, Mr. David Douglas. By him the large mass of material thus acquired has been reduced to chronological order, and arranged in a series of twenty-four chapters, of which each chapter (excepting Nos. I. and II., which between them cover an interval of ten years—1797-1806, and Nos. XXI.-XXIV., which are all four of them occupied with the letters of the one year 1825) contains the correspondence of precisely one twelve-month. Furthermore, to every chapter has been prefixed an ingeniously chosen motto, allusive to or descriptive of the leading poem or novel of the year, together with a brief table of "Family Annals and Literary Work," designed to afford the reader the means of following the clue of the great writer's life-story from the opening to the close of the period covered by the correspondence (1797-1825), and serving to supply him with those miscellaneous items of information—dates, names of persons and of places, &c.—for which he would, in the absence of such aid, be forced again and again to lay down his book in order to search through the pages of Lockhart's ten volumes. By means of these simple expedients, and with the aid of an occasional foot-note to illustrate some obscurity or disentangle some perplexity of the text, the editor has contrived to convert an unsorted heap of correspondence into an orderly and articulate biographical narrative.

Perhaps the most interesting of the several series of letters in this delightful collection is that which is also considerably the longest: namely, the correspondence which, during the years 1806-1824, passed between Sir Walter and his devoted friend

and admirer the Lady Anne Jane, daughter of the second Earl of Arran, and wife of John James, first Marquess of Abercorn. Notwithstanding that this lady occupies anything but a prominent place in Lockhart's biography, she appears to have stood higher in Scott's esteem and affection than did any other of the many illustrious women who from time to time cultivated his friendship. From the very first a charming air of mutual confidence and unaffected intimacy pervades their correspondence. Scott does not hesitate to fill his letters to the Marchioness with the simplest details of his domestic life at Ashestiel, unburdening all his petty anxieties and half-formed plans, literary and other, with just the same ingenuous candour which we might expect to find him using towards his mother or his favourite aunt, "Miss Christie" Rutherford. On August 6, 1806, for example, he writes from Ashestiel:—

"I am now, thank God, got to my little farm, and I really wish I had the lamp of Aladdin or the tapestry of some other Eastern Magician, whose name I have forgot. . . . Could I possibly command so easy a conveyance, I would certainly transport your Ladyship to this retreat, with which I have the vanity to think you would be pleased for a day, were it only for the extraordinary contrast between the scenery here and at the Priory.

Our whole habitation could dance very easily in your great Salon without displacing a single moveable or endangering a mirror. We have no green pastures nor stately trees, but, to make amends, we have one of the most beautiful streams in the world, winding through steep mountains, which are now purple with the heath blossom. We are eight miles from the nearest market town, and four from the nearest neighbour. The former circumstance is productive of very curious shifts and ludicrous distresses well worthy of being recorded in the *Miseries of Human Life**. . . . For example, my scrutoire having travelled by some slow conveyance, I was obliged to sally forth and shoot a crow to procure a quill, which performs its duty extremely ill, as your Ladyship is witness. I am afraid that this candid declaration of our wants, and the difficulty of supplying them, will make the Marchioness bless her stars that the lamp and tapestry are out of fashion. But don't be afraid too soon: for the main business of the day we have the best mutton in the world, and find by experience that the air of our hills makes an excellent sauce. Then we have pigs and poultry, and a whole apparatus of guns, fishing-rods, salmon spears, and nets for the employment of male visitors, who do not find their sport less agreeable because part of their dinner depends upon it.

"Then grouse-shooting begins bye-and-bye, and I have some very good coveys on the moors, besides the privilege of ranging over those of the Duke of Buccleugh, a favour not the less readily granted because, like many other persons in this world, I make more noise than I do mischief. Then, if all this is insufficient, you shall have hare soup; for am I not the Sheriff of the County, and may I not break the laws when I please, and course out of season? Besides all this you shall have one of the kindest welcomes which our hospitable moun-

taineers can afford. So pray don't quarrel with my lamp or tapestry any more. I only wish it was possible for you to make good this little dream."

The Marchioness was not to be tempted northwards; but before long a well-timed gift from his kind friend at Stanmore Priory reached the pen-lorn bard of Ashestiel, in the shape of a little parcel of goose quills, described by the giver as possessing the invaluable attribute of "everlasting durability."

Again, when in January, 1812, after much tedious negotiation, a pension on retirement was allotted to Scott's colleague, George Home of Wedderburn, and Scott at last found himself in possession of his full stipend as a Clerk of Session, he loses no time in communicating the welcome news to his "dearest friend":

"I should be very unjust to your kindness did I not take an early opportunity to inform you that the pension business is at length completely and finally settled. . . . We are now, my dearest friend, as comfortable in our circumstances as even your kindness could wish us to be. Neither my wife nor I have the least wish to enlarge our expense in any respect, as, indeed, our present mode of life is of that decent kind which, without misbecoming our own situation, places us, according to the fashions and habits of our country, at liberty to mix in the best society here. So that we shall have a considerable saving fund for the bairns."

Lady Abercorn's reply shows how truly deserving she was of the unlimited confidence reposed in her.

"As your success in life," she writes, "is amongst the very few things that can give me real pleasure, you may believe your two last letters have been most welcome. I do most sincerely rejoice that you are now quite independent of power and party. I hope before I leave this world to see you once by your own fireside, with all your family about you. I could never see a man I more highly respect and admire; and I do assure you I have more pride in your calling me your dearest friend than I should in being so considered by the greatest monarch in the world."

A recent critic* of these volumes has expressed his surprise that, notwithstanding their close intimacy, Scott should have deliberately refrained from taking Lady Abercorn into his confidence respecting the authorship of the novels; observing that "she often refers to the subject, and he exercises much ingenuity in diverting her suspicions." A more absurd mistake was never made. So far was Scott from attempting to divert his noble friend's suspicions, that he positively leaves no stone unturned to put her in full possession of the truth. It must be borne in mind that Scott's letters to the Marchioness were handed about amongst her family and friends; in them, accordingly, he was compelled to write ambiguously on the question of the authorship, in order both to avoid a general discovery, and to relieve his correspondent from the difficult and unpleasant task of dissembling her knowledge of the facts when assailed by the persistent inquiries of busybodies. Writing to her in January, 1815, he promises to tell

* Scott contributed a review of this diverting little volume to the *Edinburgh Review*, No. 17, October, 1806, Jeffrey adding some, if not all, of the "reviewers' groans" with which it concludes. —(Lockhart's *Life*, chap. xvi.)

* See *Athenaeum*, No. 3448, November 25, 1893.

her "what he knows, or rather guesses," about *Waverley* when they meet in London in the month of March; but when he arrived there early in April he found that the Abercorn household were out of town, and the family residence in St. James's-square was occupied by strangers; nor does he seem to have met the Marchioness for some years to come. But, in the first place, how was it possible for her to entertain a doubt as to the authorship of *Guy Mannering* when she had in her desk so irrefragable a proof of its origin as Scott's own letter to her on the Dormont case? (I., p. 292). Then, when the *Black Dwarf* and *Old Mortality* were on the eve of publication, he writes to her:

"I have sent you a set of novels which I am strongly inclined to swear are the production of the unknown author of *Guy Mannering*, about which you are so much interested. I suppose it will be soon published in London; but I hope these volumes will reach your Ladyship before that takes place. The bookseller here says he is not to publish till next week, but gave me a reading of the volumes, and at my earnest entreaty parted with the set I have the honour to beg your acceptance of. I cannot think it at all likely that young Harry Mackenzie wrote these books. I should like to know if you are of my opinion as to these new volumes coming from the same hand."

At other times he would order an advance copy of the new novel to be sent to her direct from the publisher, with the words "from the Author" inscribed on the fly-leaf. *St. Ronan's Well* and *The Heart of Midlothian* were sent in this way; and, in acknowledging the latter, the Marchioness says:

"Some time ago I received the last four volumes of *Tales of my Landlord* 'from the Author.' Who he is I shall probably never know from himself, though with the world I am inclined to suspect. The first three volumes kept me in such a state of agitation and interest that I could hardly get on with it. Certainly the feeling was mixed with a severe pang, and as he who knew how to rate the talents of the writer was not here to give me his opinion, and to enjoy the perusal of the work, I almost wished the book had never come out.* I should be sorry to think anyone else but the one I imagine the author had written it."

Lastly, Scott, in the course of his correspondence with the same friend, alludes both to the *Abbot* and to "Tales of the Crusaders, by the Author of *Waverley*," as to books of his own composition, without the slightest attempt at pretext, subterfuge, or mystification. Indeed (to quote the words of his biographer):

"No one of his intimate friends ever had, or could have had, the smallest doubt as to the parentage of the novels; nor, although he abstained from communicating the fact formally to most of them, did he ever affect any real concealment in the case of such persons; nor, when any circumstance arose which rendered the withholding of direct confidence on the subject incompatible with perfect freedom of feeling on both sides, did he hesitate to make the avowal."

These early letters pleasantly illustrate the cordiality of Scott's original relations

* The Marquess of Abercorn had died on January 27, 1818, some six months before this letter was written.

with the notorious Jeffrey, and explain the causes which gradually led to the severance of their literary connexion, if not, in some measure, to the impairing of their mutual regard. Scott had known Jeffrey very intimately from 1792; and when the latter became editor of the *Edinburgh Review* he naturally joined him as contributor and near ally. For a few years (1803-1806) there was scarcely a number of the *Edinburgh* which did not contain one or more essays from his pen. But the deepening Whiggery of the political articles under Jeffrey's editorship gradually damped Scott's ardour; and finally, in 1809, when the *Quarterly* was started, changed the friendly contributor into an avowed opponent of the editor-critic, though (if we may trust his own assurances on the subject) his kindly sentiments towards the man remained unaltered. In 1805, however, the feelings of the two litterateurs towards each other were, as Lockhart says, those of mutual confidence and gratitude; and, on the death of Jeffrey's first wife in the summer of that year, they exchanged letters, in which these feelings were unaffectedly and pathetically expressed. Scott's letter has not been preserved; but its sympathetic character may be gathered from Jeffrey's touching reply, which Mr. Douglas gives us (I., 30), and which certainly exhibits the writer in a much more favourable light than as editor and critic.

"I think," writes Scott to Miss Seward in 1806, "were you to know my little friend Jeffrey you would perhaps have some mercy on his criticisms; not but he often makes his best friends lose patience by that love of severity which drives justice into tyranny; but, in fact, I have often wondered that a man who loves and admires poetry so much as he does, can permit himself the severe, and sometimes unjust, strictures which he fulminates even against the authors whom he most approves of, and whose works actually afford him most delight. But what shall we say? Many good-natured Tories (myself, for example) take great pleasure in coursing and fishing, without any impeachment to their amiabilities, and probably Jeffrey feels the same instinctive passion for hunting down the bards of the day."

Eighteen months later he writes to the same friend:

"There is a clever little Pamphlet come out against Jeffrey by Mr. Coplestone of Oxford. I gave it to the Critic this morning, and he is so much delighted with it that he says he means to request the favour of the Author's contributions to his Review! To be sure he is the most complete *poco curante* that I ever knew."

But it was one thing to smile indulgently at the astounding levity displayed in the alarms and excursions of the pert *homunculus*, and quite another to feel the prick of his dexterous bodkin as it stole slyly through the pages of a certain dumpy quarto entitled *Marmion*. On the 18th April, 1808, Scott writes to Robert Surtees:

"I am very glad you like *Marmion*. It has need of some friends, for Jeffrey showed me yesterday a very sharp review of it—I think as tight a one as he has written since Southey's *Madoc*. As I don't believe the world ever furnished a critic and an author who were more absolute *poco curanti* about their craft, we dined together and had a hearty laugh at the revival of the flagellation, &c."

It is impossible to doubt, however, that

in this careless, off-hand account of the affair Scott seriously, though unconsciously, misrepresented his own feelings. He was far too much of a poet to possess that reckless indifference to criticism which he here endeavours to assume; and the truth is that the severity and injustice of Jeffrey's strictures on *Marmion* mortified him not a little, and precipitated the breaking off of his connexion with the *Edinburgh*. We cannot help thinking that it was mainly in reference to Jeffrey that he wrote to Lady Abercorn:

"You ask me why I do not rather think of original production than of editing the works of others, and I will frankly tell your Ladyship the reason. In the first place, no one acquires a certain degree of popularity without exciting an equal degree of malevolence among those who, either from rivalry or the mere wish to pull down what others have set up, are always ready to catch the first occasion to lower the favoured individual to what they call his 'real standard.' Of this I have enough of experience; and my political interferences, however useless to my friends, have not failed to make me more than the usual number of enemies."

And to Joanna Baillie he writes, of Jeffrey's review of *Marmion*:

"I have no fault to find with his expressing his sentiments frankly and fairly upon the poem, yet I think he might, without derogation to his impartiality, have couched them in language rather more civil to a personal friend, and I believe he would have thought twice before he had given himself that air of superiority in a case when I had any chance of defending myself. Besides, he really wants the taste for poetry, which is essentially necessary to enjoy, and of course to criticise, it with justice. He is learned in its canons, and an excellent judge of the justice of the sentiments it conveys, but he wants that enthusiastic feeling which, like sunshine upon a landscape, lights up every beauty, and palliates, if it cannot hide, every defect. To offer a poem of imagination to a man whose whole life and study has been to acquire a stoical indifference towards enthusiasm of every kind, would be the last, as it would surely be the silliest, action of my life."

In justice to Jeffrey, we are bound to record that some two years afterwards he confessed, and somewhat grudgingly expressed regret for, his harsh maltreatment of *Marmion*. When forwarding to Scott the proof-sheets of his review of the *Lady of the Lake*, he writes:

"I think it right to let you see these sheets before anyone else sees them. . . . I am now sensible that there were needless asperities in my review of *Marmion*, and, from the hurry in which I have been forced to write, I daresay there may be some here also. I have bungled your poetical characters, too, by beginning my sketch on a scale too large for my canvas, and the mere unskilfulness of the execution I fear has given it something of the air of caricature."

This seems, after all, to be but a halting and reluctant attempt at an apology; nor does Scott appear to have been in the least deceived as to its true value.

"I have little to complain of the *Edinburgh Review*," he writes to Morritt, "Jeffrey sent me the sheets with a kind and, for him, an apologetic letter. . . . And, indeed, his

* Joanna Baillie had mentioned a report that Scott was about to publish a new poem, which was to be dedicated to Jeffrey!

general tone is much more civil and respectful than is usual for the *Review* where an author is neither a philosopher nor a Foxite. But, after all, and among friends," &c.

Yes, in all such cases "there aye remains the immedicable But"! The two men still continued to speak of, and on rare occasions to address, each other in terms expressive of the warmest friendship; but from this time (1808) forth they met as seldom as possible, doubtless feeling that the more widely asunder their paths diverged, the better chance they would have of preserving their ancient feelings of mutual kindness. But there was no longer between them the same free interchange of good offices that there had been in the days before *Marmion*. Scott writes to the Marchioness in June, 1808:

"I am endeavouring to get a copy of the Elgin Letters by my interest with little Jeffrey the Reviewer, who was the fair lady's counsel in the case; but I doubt greatly being able to succeed in that quarter, for since I gave up assisting him in the *Review*, when their politics became so warm, my credit with him is a little at ebb."

And when, in 1817, Jeffrey applied to Scott to write a short notice of C. K. Sharpe's edition of *The Secret and True History of the Church of Scotland for the Edinburgh Review*—adding significantly that "the notes, though full of talent and information, were far too Jacobinical for him"—Scott declined, partly on the ground of ill-health, partly on the plea of being already pledged to Gifford for an article on the book in question;

"though [he rejoins defiantly] I am very sorry, for I like the subject, and would be pleased to give my own opinion respecting the Jacobinism of the editor, which, like my own, has a good spice of affectation in it, mingled with some not unnatural feelings of respect for a cause which, though indefensible in common sense and ordinary policy, has a great deal of high-spirited Quixotry about it."

Finally, when Scott, to testify his personal goodwill to Jeffrey, consented once more to occupy a place in the *Edinburgh*, it was not by an essay upon any topic in the remotest degree connected with politics, but simply by an article on the purely literary subject of Maturin's "Women; or, *Pour et Contre*," that he chose to be represented. Of Jeffrey's note in acknowledgment of this favour we will say nothing but that it affords a fresh illustration, if one were wanting, of the incorrigible levity and pocco-curantism of the *homunculus literatulus*.

The life of Scott, it has been said, is a tragic drama in the fullest sense, moving and teaching us at once through pity, and love, and terror. Of that drama, however, we have, in these Letters, only some scattered, disconnected pages from the earlier scenes; the dire catastrophe is wanting. Nevertheless, by combining the traits which abound in these pages, scattered and fragmentary though they be, we may at will construct for ourselves a complete and life-like picture of the great protagonist. Here—in these unstudied utterances flung straight from the heart upon the paper—we have proof and token in plenty of his "antithetically mixed nature," of his modesty and self-reliance, of his humour and romance, of his boyish gaiety and

pensive melancholy, of his lion-like courage and maiden-like tenderness, of the Titanic power and industry of his creative genius, of the passionate vitality, the immovable steadfastness, of that pure and faithful love which remained with him from its birth in the budding prime of his manhood until his eyes were closed in death. In a word, we have, in these Letters, the clear, reflected image of Walter Scott, the Poet, the Novelist, the Man. And this being so, it were surely waste of breath to bestow upon them another syllable in the way of recommendation.

THOMAS HUTCHINSON.

Moltke: a Biographical and Critical Study.
By William O'Connor Morris. (Ward & Downey.)

THIS book was worth the writing. It is indeed too early to forecast the position which Moltke is destined to hold among the great captains of the world. It is still impossible, as the author himself admits, to know exactly the share taken by the famous Chief of the General Staff in the organization of the Prussian Army. It is too soon, while some of the actors are yet alive, to estimate the importance of the position of Moltke among the founders of the German Empire. Many years must elapse before a true historical perspective will enable the future to form an accurate judgment on Moltke in any capacity; and it is not until then, when it has become manifest whether the German Empire is a permanent factor in European policy or a mere passing phantom, that the Field-Marshal and his coadjutors will take their place in history as the builders of an edifice of strength or the creators of a weak and sprawling giant.

Yet Mr. O'Connor Morris's book has a distinct value, because of the deficiency in his range of knowledge which he himself admits in his preface:

"Unfortunately," he says, "I do not know the German language, and thus I have been unable to read some books which throw light on Moltke's career; and, in many instances, I have been obliged to rely on translations."

This frank confession of inability to read his hero's own language at once gives the measure of Mr. O'Connor Morris's book. He does not attempt to write a full biography: he is not ambitious of laying before his countrymen an authoritative view of Moltke's career. He bases his Study on English and French works, or on German authorities filtered through English or French translations. Critics should be grateful to Mr. Morris for confessing his ignorance of German. Writers of a less assured position would not have dared to be so frank, for fear of flippant criticism. As it is, Mr. O'Connor Morris has given the keynote to his attitude, and has made his reviewer's task comparatively easy. Moltke was a successful man. He is regarded by his countrymen with enthusiastic, almost extravagant, admiration; and all English writers upon his career hitherto have regarded him from the German standpoint. This appeared markedly in the

obituary notices which were published in our newspapers after his death. English military writers, overcome by the recollection of his successes, and studying him through the medium of German military literature, have blindly accepted the German estimate of his character and career. Mr. O'Connor Morris's book comes as a wholesome corrective to all this eulogy. He is, fortunately, unable to read the official documents in German which lay undue weight on the merits of Moltke and his armies, and depreciate the valour and ability of their enemies. In short, Mr. O'Connor Morris looks at Moltke from a French standpoint, sobered by the fact that he is not himself a Frenchman. His sympathies for France have been made manifest in previous books. His appreciations of Turenne, of Villars, and of Napoleon showed an extraordinary insight into the French national characteristics; and the most eloquent pages in his present volume are not devoted to the praise of his hero, but to the recognition of the merits of the French defence against the soldiers Moltke directed. We in England have been inclined to over-rate the performances of the German armies in the great war of 1870-71, and have not yet sufficiently understood the merits of the defeated French because they were defeated.

Mr. O'Connor Morris's book is almost entirely devoted to a critical narrative of the Franco-German war; and it is in these pages that he confers a service on thoughtful Englishmen, in laying weight upon the merits of the French rising against the German invaders. He brings out clearly what ought never to be forgotten: the essential difference between the opposition made by the armies of Napoleon III. and by those of the Government of National Defence. The German military authorities, and Moltke with the rest of them, believed that the catastrophe of Sedan had finished the war, and that Paris would speedily surrender, as she had done in 1814 and 1815. Never were sanguine mortals more disappointed. Paris was heroically defended; new armies sprang up into being in the provinces—a man of genius, General Chanzy, was for some time at their head. The invaders were in a critical position, and Moltke found it far more difficult to conquer the raw levies of the Republic than the trained soldiery of the Second Empire. As Mr. O'Connor Morris finely says:

"A nation's most precious possession is its honour; and France would have forfeited this great heritage had she tamely bowed her neck to the yoke after Wörth, Spicheren, Gravelotte, and Sedan. She took the wiser and nobler course; and if she has suffered in the result, the gain has been infinitely more important. By the defence of Paris and the great national rising, she has blotted out the disgrace that fell on her arms; Metz and Sedan did not leave her degenerate; she justified her claim to stand in the rank of the ruling powers and races of mankind" (p. 384).

These sentences explain the value of Mr. O'Connor Morris's book. He has penetrated the reason that prevents the French people from feeling humiliated by the recollection of the events of 1870-71. Englishmen are apt to express a belief that France has fallen from her high estate to

rise no more, and they cannot understand how France can hold up her head again as a great power. They have not read aright the history of the Franco-German war, and believe that a renewed struggle would terminate in a similar result. Mr. O'Connor Morris then has done a real service in pointing out the merits of the national defence of France; and a perusal of his book may tend to preserve Englishmen from believing too blindly in the omnipotence of military Germany.

Mr. O'Connor Morris's appreciation of the French character and his admiration of the French nation has enabled him to point out one of the chief blots on the character of Moltke himself. Moltke hated the French people—in this he believed himself justified by a recollection of the conquest of Germany by Napoleon; but he also despised the French people, and looked on them as hereditary foes, which was unworthy of a great general or a great man. Mr. Morris on more than one occasion lays weight on this defect in Moltke's character. In speaking of the surrender at Sedan he says: "Moltke did justice to the courage of the French, but was harsh, peremptory, and stiff in his manner, and his language showed that he desired rather to annihilate foes already crushed. . . . Moltke's bearing was unnecessarily severe, and in the hour of his triumph he ought not to have sneered at the presumption and shallowness of the French people, an expression which wounded French nature to the quick. The conduct of Marlborough to Tallard, and of Napoleon to the Austrian officers at Ulm presents a striking and painful contrast; and the attitude of Moltke on this great occasion revealed a dislike and scorn of France and a want of tact and of knowledge of men to be noticed in more than one passage of his career" (pp. 208-209).

Again, speaking of the national rising in France, Mr. O'Connor Morris remarks:

"Like most soldiers, Moltke had little faith in moral power in conflict with material force. He had a rooted dislike and contempt for Frenchmen, and he did not believe that France would make a real effort to vindicate her great name, and to oppose the invader" (p. 218).

It was Moltke who insisted on the annexation of Lorraine, and who thus is answerable for the oppression of Europe beneath a mass of bloated armaments. A wise statesman, who had read history aright, would have been satisfied with exacting from the defeated nation the expenses of the war, and would have spared France the humiliation of a loss of territory. As it is, France is preparing for a mighty effort to reach the Rhine once more; and it may be doubted whether the recollection of the glory of Sedan will compensate in the eyes of future generations for the hideous error which has kept the continent for more than twenty years on the verge of an explosion.

Mr. O'Connor Morris has on former occasions proved his fitness to write military history. He has the topographical instinct and the unwearied diligence which are indispensable, and unites with these qualities a lucid literary style, not often found in writers on military history. He does not allow his narrative to be weighed down by a multiplicity of details, and he dares to use his own judgment. His *Study of Moltke*

should take rank among his best books. He had formed a clear conception of what he wanted to write, and he has carried out his aim. He did not intend to write a definitive life of Moltke; but he did wish to show to the English reader a view of Moltke's character differing from the usual eulogy. His *Moltke* appears to us far superior to his *Napoleon* (reviewed in the *Academy* of June 17), because in this book he has fully carried out a well-defined idea, whereas in the other he seemed to have been cramped, and not to have written with his usual freedom and correct sense of proportion. However, there are not many men living who could have undertaken in one and the same year to publish two *Studies* on generals differing so widely as Napoleon and Moltke, and to have shown, in both of them, knowledge, ability, and literary skill.

H. MORSE STEPHENS.

Spring's Immortality: and other Poems. By Mackenzie Bell. (Ward, Lock & Bowden.)

WHATEVER may be his limitations, Mr. Mackenzie Bell thinks his own thoughts, and expresses them in his own style and language. He does not, like Lycidas, "build the lofty rhyme": indeed, it may be said that he does not "build" any rhyme at all, for his verse is remarkably simple, natural, and unstrained. It has no lyric raptures, or philosophic introspections, or airs of mystery or profundity; but it is wholesome, honest, and sincere. These are virtues to be welcomed in a poet, as in any other craftsman; but as it is the poet who can best make our common speech glow for us with new lights and meanings, they are especially to be welcomed in him. Almost every one of these unpretending poems will appeal straight to the heart of the reader with a force which plainly comes straight from the heart of the writer. The most hardened reviewer, dealing with such a volume, would find his critical instinct overborne by newly-awakened sympathies. Not that there are any slips or flaws here over which a hardened reviewer might rejoice, for true and spontaneous feeling generally expresses itself in the aptest words. It is when a writer is trying to say something without having felt anything that he blunders and makes play for the critical lookers-on.

Two things especially are evident from these poems. One is that the writer is no stranger to the sorrows of humanity; the other is that his experience, whatever it may have been, of the ills and burdens of life has given a deeper tenderness to his nature, a greater buoyancy of hope to his spirit. Of his quick sympathy with the poor in their peculiar troubles there are many proofs. Here is one, in the pathetic vividness which he gives to a picture unmistakably drawn from life. The lines form the opening passage of a Madeiran idyl—"Francisca to Jasper":

"The rich—the rich alone—may dream of death
As solace for their sorrow, not the poor.
Whate'er their grief, the poor have work to do
If they would not behold their dear ones starve.
Now were I dead there's none to pluck the fruit
And sort it on our stall o' market days,
Mother is ill, and through the scorching hours
Father is busy 'mid the sugar canes."

No dreams of death that come to the rich could yield a hundredth part as much solace in sorrow as helpful work gives to those who must do it. Francisca, in this idyl, does not understand this; but her very words are a realisation of the truth of it, as the poet intends they should be. The poem is a practical rendering of that "balance of life," which he elsewhere describes in half a dozen simple quatrains.

But Madeira seems to have had inspirations of unmixed joy for Mr. Bell, as well as those in which shadow and light were blended. Another Madeiran idyl—"João to Constança" ("A Lesté Sunrise in Madeira")—begins with these bright lines:

"Yonder flush across the sea
Brings the morning back to me
When you seemed to lend the light
That dispersed the lingering night;
When I heard your step, and knew
Joy of joy! 'twas surely you;
When I turned and saw your face,
Saw you glide with girlish grace;
Though before my heart was moved,
Then it was that first I loved."

The rest of the poem is a glowing description of Madeiran clouds, peaks, banana trees, and trellised vines, in which these southern surroundings are made to recall the love whose plighted troth they looked upon. One would be glad to give the whole poem, but here are ten more lines of it:

"Rory cloudlets, lately dun,
Seemed as now to hide the sun;
Other cloudlets seemed to stand
Ready waiting his command.
Brighter, brighter grew the group,
Every tint was in the troop,
Red, and blue, and rich maroon,
Fleecy white appearing soon,
As at length we plighted troth,
Hallowed moments for us both."

Mr. Bell has all a poet's love of Nature, and some of these poems, as in the instance just noticed, are full of the sunny South. But his verse owes little to the imagery of mere scenery, while it owes much to the suggestions which the simplest things in Nature are as well able as the grandest to afford. "Fresh leaves and meadow flowers"—what time

"The cuckoo's voice, from copse and vale,
Lingers, as if to meet
The music of the nightingale
Across the rising wheat"—

are a testimony to him of the immortality of Spring. He inscribes a poem to some sub-tropical flowers grown in the open air of December at Madeira, but they are flowers that "only blow." And he confesses:

"'Tis England's flowers—
The lily and rose of English bowers—
Retain the perfume and the glow."

Even among England's flowers those which appeal to him most strongly are those which owe least to the gardener and most to Nature. All this is as it should be, as it must be, in a poet who can minister of the simplest balms to suffering that cannot nurse its grief. He desires no more, he says, than

"Assurance that my strain has cheered
One soul, if only one,
And shed on the dark path it feared
A passing glimpse of sun."

Mr. Bell will certainly not lack this

assurance. There are poems in this volume that will bring light and cheer to many a drooping spirit. There are others—notably "The Taking of the Flag" and "The Keeping of the Vow"—that will be read with pleasure for the vigour with which they are written. And there are others—more particularly, perhaps, the sonnets—on which readers will dwell with the delight which thoughtful verse, the genuine outcome of true feeling, never fails to give.

GEORGE COTTERELL.

The Land of Poco Tiempo. By Charles F. Lummis. (Sampson Low.)

THIS is a charming volume, and of varied interest. It appeals to the ethnologist, and to the lover of archaeology and folklore. It is a protest against the rush and hurry of our restless civilisation: it tells of reposeful life in a land "in which it seemeth always afternoon." Such is the picture of the opening chapters. But a turn of the kaleidoscope; and suddenly in this very land our nerves are thrilling, as perhaps they have not done since the first perusal of the best of Cooper's novels, at the stirring narratives of the races of the married and the single in the Pueblo, at the recital of the deeds of the Apache, and when we follow the trail of the renegades. Then, again, a distant echo of sixteenth century Spanish life comes before us in the "New Mexican Folklore Songs" and in "A Day of the Saints"; while the final chapter, "The Cities that were Forgotten," is a thorough exposure of one of the greatest mare's nests that was ever constructed out of the unsubstantial theories of the antiquary in his study.

The style of the book, too, though at times irritating, is not wholly unsuitable to its contents. There is some tall writing, and a good deal of exaggeration: words and phrases are used which belong to the English of the New Hemisphere, and are unknown to that of Europe. Without the title, "Lo, Who is not Poor," we should hardly have recognised our poet Pope in "the hunchbacked sermoniser in pentameter" who opens chapter ii. There is a vein of sarcasm and satire, or rather of what the French call *malice*, running through almost every chapter, which gives piquancy to the whole. The illustration on p. 287 of "a Quivira myth-maker" is one of the prettiest bits of quiet satire that we have seen for a long time.

One thing that the book greatly needs is a good map. This is an annoying omission. The uninformed reader will be constantly asking himself, Where do these Pueblo Indians live? Where is this land of Poco Tiempo? It is chiefly in that south-western territory of New Mexico, among the latest additions to the great republic of the United States; and the whole story of the book is laid in this territory, in Arizona, in the south-western corner of Texas, and in the neighbouring districts of Mexico proper. The more serious purport of the author is a rehabilitation of the accounts of the early Spanish historians, and a defence of the Spanish methods of dealing with the Indians.

Many of the facts brought forward are of the greatest value to the anthropologist. It is curious to remark how little the deeper qualities of the Pueblo Indian have been affected by the great material changes wrought by the conquest. Then he had no beast of burden, no domesticated animals, no cattle, no sheep, no tools of metal. Now he has horses, cattle, is a mighty shepherd, and the ass figures as the "genius of the adobe." Even in his religion Christianity is but superimposed upon his older faiths. Yet he remains substantially the same man he was before: the deep imprint of race is not in the least obliterated. The climate remains the same; his numbers are about as large as at the time of the conquest; it is hard to say whether he has advanced or retrograded in civilisation, for he had a civilisation before the European came. Perhaps the Spaniard has made him even more careless of time, and more averse to hurry than he was before. Our author lays stress on his holding two logically incompatible religions, and believing in both. The fact is not so uncommon as it may appear at first sight. We made inquiries on the subject many years ago in South America, and have found many examples of it since.

The author justly praises the work of the Spanish missionaries, but he does not ask why this influence has been more successful and permanent than that of the missionaries of the north. The Spaniard of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries had something in common with the religious rites of the Indians of the Pueblo. On Saint's days he, too, danced before the Holy Sacrament, he held his *Auto* (dramatic performance) in honour of the day, and the Bullfight often followed these severer exercises;* so he could easily find place, with a little change, for the Indian dances and games and processions in the ritual of his Christian holidays. But to the New Englander this was impossible, and an abomination to be rejected. There was thus a wide gulf between the races. The darker mysteries, the tortures of initiation into Indian rites or Indian manhood, found their counterpart in the processions of flagellant penitents, in the thorny robe, in the dragging of the heavy cross or bearing of the heavy images. To this day barefooted *Penitentes* toil along mountain paths often covered with ice and snow, and carry their heavy crosses all the night through in the Ascension processions to the shrine of Roncesvalles; and these things were then common throughout Spain, and they gave an additional point of contact between the European and the Indian mind.

"There is a pleasure in poetic pains
Which only poets know."

But the duller nerve and coarser sensibility of the Indian perhaps needs real pain and even torture to enable him to feel the thrill of delightful anguish which the poet suffers in fancy alone. He enjoyed his torture. If the Spaniard allowed, or even encouraged, self-inflicted torments in his converts, he was equally ready to inflict

* All these and more were combined in the fêtes at Azpilitia in 1622, in honour of the canonisation of Loyola.

them on himself, and to welcome torture and martyrdom at the hands of the heathen or the renegade.

But the whole book is not taken up with these horrors. There is plenty of lighter matter. The old story of the two Irishmen who took a keg of whisky to Epsom and sold every drop of it, and yet found themselves next morning drunk and with only threepence in their possession, re-appears as a genuine Pueblo tale. The chapter on the Spanish-Mexican folk-lore songs, with the music, is most acceptable. The Coplas tell of the dislike of the Pueblo Indians for blonde, or fair people—but among the mingled peoples of South America, and in Paraguay, folk used to sing like this:

"Black eyes and brown
You every day may see,
But the blue eyes of my love
The gods have made for me."

In the final chapter, which exposes the myth of the forgotten cities, before cutting open the pages to read, we were struck with the likeness of the sculptured beam (see illustrations, pp. 301, 304), and its use in construction, with that of the huge beam which supports the front story of old Basque houses. Doubtless some northern Spaniard carved and placed it there, thinking of his home so far away. These Indian ruins are really churches built by the early missionaries.

Portions of this book have probably already appeared in periodicals, but the chapters were well worth collecting. They make up a variety of dishes, some of which should please the taste of almost every reader.

WENTWORTH WEBSTER.

NEW NOVELS.

Mademoiselle Miss, and other Stories. By Henry Harland. (Heinemann.)

White Poppies. By May Kendall. (Ward, Lock, Bowden & Co.)

The Emigrant Ship. By W. Clark Russell. In 3 vols. (Sampson Low.)

One Never Knows. By F. C. Phillips. In 3 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

Cheap Jack Zita. By S. Baring Gould. In 3 vols. (Methuen.)

Such a Lord is Love. By Mrs. Stephen Batson. In 2 vols. (Innes.)

A Romance of Lincoln's Inn. By Sarah Doudney. In 2 vols. (Hutchinson.)

A Prison Princess. By Major Arthur Griffiths. (Cassells.)

The Sin and the Woman. By Derek Vane. (Remington.)

The Tutor's Secret. By Victor Cherbuliez. Translated by Paul Derechef. (Arnold.)

MR. HENRY HARLAND's stories in the little volume entitled *Mademoiselle Miss* are very good stories. They are, indeed, some of the best that we have recently seen, in a kind which has recently been cultivated "with almost feverish eagerness"—as the usual novelist would say. Their goodness varies, of course, and Mr. Harland has been well advised to put his front foot foremost. "Mademoiselle Miss" is an amusing, but not

impossible, young Englishwoman who, misled by guide-books, plants herself, all innocently, in a Latin Quartier Hotel inhabited by *étudiants* and *étudiantes*; and by dint of the same innocence, coupled with a fortunate ignorance of the latest improvements of the language of Racine, achieves a considerable sojourn without either doing, suffering, or even thinking any evil. Such a story might be extravagant or *niais* with great ease; Mr. Harland has kept it from being either. "The Prodigal Father," a wicked anglicised American, who is confronted at an advanced period of life by Ithuriel, in the shape of his son, brought up in purest Massachusetts orthodoxy, is a less original subject, well saved from commonplace. And so is "A Sleeveless Errand," a sort of topay-turvy pendant (if we may be permitted such a phrase), in which a faithful American painter, constant to his early love, after many years comes back from Paris and finds that she is not all his fancy painted her. "The Funeral March of a Marionette" is a risky subject well carried off; and if "A Light Sovereign," more ambitious than any, has a little less reality about it, it is by no means a failure. If anybody says, "Do you mean to call these masterpieces?" we shall only reply with the old and triumphant "Vous nous égarez de la question." A popinjay is not a roc; but when you shoot at a popinjay you can't do more than hit it. Mr. Harland has hit his. And we will add that it is perfectly clear why he has hit it. It is because, while using a gun new-fashioned in appearance, he has condescended to aim straight, and take old-fashioned precautions in loading—which things our new-fangled story-shooters too often disdain to do.

We look to Miss May Kendall for a mixture of cleverness, humour, and gloom; and we get it punctually in *White Poppies*. It is true that the hero, who undertakes to pay his father's debts out of the profits of reporting (they must have been very small debts or it must have been very large reporting), not only performs that feat, but to all appearances (Miss Kendall will not let us be certain even of this) marries his beloved. But if these two persons knew what perils they had escaped! Again, Miss Kendall does not say so, but we feel nearly certain that on at least two different occasions she had almost made up her mind to mulct them of their loves, if not their lives. Even as it is, she exacts a plentiful tale of death and dool by dooming the handsome and lovable, if rather Philistine, Vi. Romilly, who has a hopeless tenderness for the reporting discharger of debts, to the Salvation Army and a cruel fate; while her cousin Henrietta, a plain and passionate blue stocking, is alighted by several professors and left on the plain road to the Open Door. Verily the bloodthirstiness of the lady novelist is astonishing! Nevertheless, *White Poppies* is full of ingenious observation ingeniously expressed, of acute and not obstreperous satire, and of a criticism of life which, if it looks rather obstinately at the black side, cannot be said to look at what does not exist.

It is extremely pleasant to observe that Mr. Clark Russell has risen quite to his own best level in *The Emigrant Ship*. There were those who, though they did not object to the bluff sailor man and the rather featureless passenger maid thrown into contact by Love upon the sea from which his mother rose—to the open boat voyage, most inadequately provisioned—to the ship feloniously directed to the desert island—and to all the legitimate apparatus of those romancers who use the ocean, have mildly complained of late that Mr. Russell has been rather lazy in handling these well-known things. If this complaint is repeated in reference to *The Emigrant Ship*, it will argue a nasty repining temper. The earliest adventures of Charles Morgan on board a vessel bound from Bristol Citee, but by no means found or fitted "ship-shape and Bristol fashion," and with a brace of scuttling scoundrels for captain and owner, though extremely well done, are something in the common way. But when Mr. Morgan, after an excessively palpitating experience on the Great Salvage, apparently falls on his feet and the deck of a friendly barque which just wants a mate, his adventures are only beginning, and the rest of them is most surprising and agreeable. A set of demure, though technically piratical, foremast men, who run away with an emigrant ship to find a new Pitcairn Island in the Southern Sea, a ship manned with a girl crew, and many other astonishing things, reward the reader's faith in Mr. Russell, whose characters, by the way, share the freshness of his plot. Brigstock, a sort of nineteenth-century Fifth Monarchy man or Adamite, with a seventeenth-century mixture of Antinomianism and piety, is good; Alice Perry, the handsome and not bad-hearted virago, is excellent, nor do the others match them ill.

Mr. F. C. Philips is one of those persons, fortunate and wise in their generation, who, having found something that they can do, and that pleases a sufficient number of their contemporaries, proceed to do that something, not with any vain repetition, but with something of a judicious "sticking to the coo." We are pretty certain that those who have liked the author's former books will at once take to the company of lords, captains, actresses, and others, who are introduced to them in the opening pages of *One Never Knows*, and will not be disenchanted as they go along. As for those upon whom the particular enchantment does not work, why they have only got to go to another sorcerer.

In *Cheap Jack Zita* Mr. Baring Gould has worked back from his late loved Devon and Cornish coasts to the Eastern Counties, the scene of his first success, and his one approach to a masterpiece. The fen country provides, or rather provided at the period of the story and of Waterloo, scenes as suitable for this author's bold if rather melodramatic talent as the Essex shores; and he has arranged some tableaux of a sufficient luridness. The fight with flails between two mounted men on the dyke, which occurs just after the beginning, with its counterpart and *revanche*, the burning

of the mill and the death of the victor in the former contest at the end, allow Mr. Baring Gould to ply his black and crimson vigorously, and he avails himself of the chances. He is less fortunate, as it seems to us, in the character who is his hero, if he has a hero—the "Fen Tiger," Drownlands, who fights his foe, kills (it is hardly fair to say murders him), and is himself unquestionably murdered by a very offensive specimen of the local preacher and agitator. Drownlands is a Bronteish personage, who does not seem at all at home in the surroundings of a prosperous fen farmer; and whether he is hectoring or making love, carrying on vendetta with his kith and kin or prosecuting rioters, he is very much a figure of *carton-pierre*. Nor has Mr. Baring Gould made his niece, Kainie, or Kerenhappuch, life-like; for she is, by turns, wildly eccentric and quite ordinary. Mark Runham, her half-brother, and Drownlands's aversion, is only meant to be an ordinary youth—and is one. But Mr. Baring Gould has certainly done a good deal to redeem these and other things by the figure of his heroine, Cheap Jack Zita, or Zita Greenway, who has, indeed, an inherited and incurable love for profiting by the "General Jackass," as her father has taught her to call the British public, but is otherwise a perfectly natural and delightful girl. She has enough gipsy blood in her to make her not hesitate to set fire to a house in order to save her lover and (as she thinks) her rival; but is generous, humorous, and extremely piquant. Perhaps she was rather thrown away on the honest yokel, Mark. The patter of her examination before the Ely magistrates is great fun; and Mr. Baring Gould, in divers passages, has poured obvious and very unsparing satire on certain agitations and ideas which are of all time.

There is a little nonsense, but also a fair proportion of sense and talent, in Mrs. Stephen Batson's *Such a Lord is Love*. We wish that Mrs. Batson had not sought to heighten the charms and abilities of her heroines by contrasting them with the silliness and ill-temper of their mother. The silly, ill-tempered ridiculous mother is a cheap and uncomely motive better left to the Americans, who have always been fond of it. The conjugal provocations of Adria Nevill are perhaps not absolutely sufficient to justify her conduct; and her sister Elizabeth, beloved by the learned and unintelligible Mr. Campion, is not a real person at all. But Adria and her elder sister, Bell, have the life which Campion himself and some other characters also lack.

Miss Doudney's story is of a somewhat older type, but in its way a very fair specimen of that type. The heroine, Nellie Stanley, is a daughter of nobody, who has pretty evidently gipsy blood in her. A penniless governess, she is sought by a young man of good family, heir to a small squire, and by name Mayne Comberford; and the courtship is carried on in Lincoln's Inn and the Fields thereof. Mayne's people do not oppose the match, and ask her down to their place; but the

mother takes a strong dislike to her. At church she sees Lord Wyburn, a youthful sprig of doubtful character; and, not particularly meaning anything at first, "makes," as the vulgar say, "eyes" at him. Fate and metaphysical aid coming, she is herself discovered, or acknowledged, to be the daughter of an artist who has married a peer, jilts Comberford, and marries Wyburn, with results to be discovered. There is some hocus-pocus work, a touch or so of fair character drawing, and a sort of Pelleas-and-Ettarre conclusion, wherein we have no great faith. But the book will serve.

Major Arthur Griffiths has "got the bones of" a remarkably good story of the exciting kind in *A Prison Princess*. A real Russian princess, who is born in Spain, marries an English rascal, and is forced, or trapped, by him into crime, has almost the stuff of a whole novel in the bare attributes we have stated. But when Major Griffiths further puts her on the track of a hoard of stolen jewels which have been concealed many years previously in Millbank itself by a thief of an earlier generation, and brings her into contact with the very child of Israel from whom the gems had been looted fifty years before, he may seem almost over-lavish of materials. We shall not say that the art is unworthy of the matter, for the story is readable always and at times exciting. But we are a little reminded of the lavish fashions of the captain of the *Jumping Jenny*, when he broke open a chest of tea and took out a capful in order to make a single cup.

It would be unkind, and is unnecessary, to spend much time on *The Sin and the Woman*. The Woman commits the Sin (which is nothing more interesting than what the wise call "conveying") in order to obtain money to publish at her own expense a novel, which, of course, as it is a novel in a novel, makes her famous. But the Sin finds out the Woman, assisted by a remarkably objectionable man. The book must pretty certainly be Mr. Derek Vane's first attempt, and we hope his second will be unlike it.

The translation of *Le Secret du Précepteur*, in itself a decidedly good book, is good also. But why did the translator take it into his head to English "M." "Madame" and "Mademoiselle"? "Mr." it is true, was used in a good age of English for "Monsieur"; but it is quite obsolete, and has a grotesque effect. "Mrs." is worse; it is totally misleading. Thus, "Madame Isabelle" carries with it in French no kind of secondary sense; but "Mrs. Isabel" would never be used in English except with an under-meaning of affection, or familiarity, or good-humoured chaff, or else by the ignorant and ill-bred persons who call a public character Mrs. Jane Smith instead of Mrs. Smith or Mrs. John Smith. These nuances are not to be neglected with impunity.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

GIFT BOOKS.

Scrambles amongst the Alps. By Edward Whymper. Fourth Edition. (John Murray.) Last week we noticed first among "Gift Books" a true story of the Mutiny. On this

occasion, pre-eminence must be given to the new edition of the handsome volume in which Mr. Whymper describes, with abundant illustrations, the first ascent of the Matterhorn. No element of dramatic interest is wanting to this Alpine tragedy—the early visit to Switzerland as travelling artist, the fascination of the virgin peak, the years of apprenticeship in climbing, the rivalry with other aspirants, the carefully laid plans, the heroism of the guides, the easy conquest, and the awful catastrophe. Nor is it possible that the story could be better told, with a simplicity that reveals consummate art. Not often is it given to one man to have such mastery over different implements—the ice-axe, the pen, and the pencil. Added to this, is the knowledge of how a book should be produced, down to the minutest detail, which makes this volume not only a delight to look at but a pleasure to handle. The author has now carried the history of the Matterhorn to the present time, giving a record of every ascent down to 1880, and a fuller account of the accidents that have since occurred. These include the sad story of the death of his old guide, Jean-Antoine Carrel, to whom he pays a noble tribute for his services on the Andes of the Equator. He has also added several fresh illustrations, among which we may single out the portrait of J.-B. Bich as an admirable example of wood-engraving; and he has revised his copper-plate maps, which are not only the clearest but the most accurate ever published. We thus have a work stamped on every page with the sign-manual of the author—vigorous, artistic, and scientific. It is issued only in a limited edition, and we understand that all the copies have already been subscribed.

The Wreck of "The Golden Fleec". By Robert Leighton. With eight Illustrations by Frank Brangwyn. (Blackie.) Mr. Robert Leighton does not leave the impression that he knows the sea quite as well as Mr. Harry Collingwood or Mr. Henry Frith; but there can be no doubt that he writes about the East Coast fishery from personal experience, even though some of the details do not seem quite appropriate to 1790, which is the date of the present story. It opens with a life-like description of the boats putting out from Lowestoft after the herrings. The fleet is caught in a North Sea gale, and the disasters that follow are attributed to spirits obtained from a Dutch coper. The wreck, however, which gives its name to the book is that of a barque on Corton Sands. The boy-hero assists in saving two passengers, an *émigré* Marquis and his beautiful daughter. The Marquis establishes the manufacture of Lowestoft ware, and is then murdered. By the detective craft of the hero, the murderer is brought to justice; but the chain of adventures by no means ends with his conviction. The horrors of the hulks and of transportation are described with vivid realism; and all possible perils of the sea are piled upon one another. The best character in the book is that of the faithful and brave old fisherman, Peter Durrant, whose dialect appears to us to be excellent. The whole story is told simply and movingly, and will both interest and instruct all young readers. Of the illustrations, it is enough to say that they are by Mr. Frank Brangwyn, the best modern painter of sailors.

Real Gold: A Story of Adventure. By George Manville Fenn. (W. & R. Chambers.) As this book is by Mr. G. M. Fenn, it is well written, and the interest of it is well sustained. As it narrates the adventures of a British officer and his son travelling across the Andes to obtain (shall we say steal) seeds of the Cinchona tree for the good of the world, and the Peruvian Indians do all they can to kill them, there is plenty of excitement; but, despite

the vividness of the descriptions, and the ingenuity of the incidents, it is not quite a success. The bull dog pertinacity and courage of the Englishman is a little overdone in the character of Colonel Campion, who had no right to risk the lives of his plucky companions, to say nothing of the probability of killing a lot of Indians, for the sake of recovering his lost mulepacks.

Valdmer the Viking: a Romance of the Eleventh Century by Sea and Land. By Hume Nisbet. With Illustrations by the author and M. Nisbet. (Hutchinson.) The Preface informs us that "this story is the modernised version of an older record related by a Norseman, who, with his companions, sailed away from the Isle of Thanet to North America, and from there round by Greenland, the North Pole, and the Behring Straits, as they are now called, and afterwards circumnavigated the world without thinking that they had done anything particular." Of course, all considerations of probability and even possibility are set at defiance in the construction of the story, and the author has no real knowledge of the history of the period to which it relates. He quotes, by the way, some lines of "Beowulf" (with various eccentricities of spelling) as a sample of the language spoken by "Saxon and Northman" in the eleventh century. The rough vigour of style and power of invention found in Mr. Nisbet's other books are not wholly wanting here; but neither historical fiction nor fantastic romance is the line in which he is fitted to excel, and in this volume he has essayed both at once.

The Walrus-Hunters. By R. M. Ballantyne. (Nisbet.) That this is an interesting and carefully written story goes without saying, seeing that its author is Mr. Ballantyne. But he seems in it to have gone rather out of his depth, or perhaps it would be more correct to say that in his desire to make a fresh sensation he has somewhat strained after effect. His book, as a story of adventure, can best be described as a sort of haggis, composed mainly of Indians, Eskimos, and hunters. There is, of course, plenty of feeding in it, but it is a trifle too "confused." Some of the characters, however, especially Cheenbuk, the marvellous interpreter, and McSweeney, the Scotchman—although he, by the way, is a trifle too comic—are as "strong" characters as even Mr. Ballantyne has ever given his boy readers.

The Lost Treasure of Trevelyn. By E. Everett-Green. (Nelson.) This is a capital story for boys and girls; it is full of stirring adventure—the discovery of the lost treasure in the forest, the meetings of Cuthbert, the hero of the tale, with the Gypsies, and the exciting events in London in connexion with the Gunpowder Plot. The tone of the book is healthy; Cuthbert, by his honesty, energy, and perseverance, overcomes difficulties, escapes dangers, wins fortune, a good name, and a loving wife. To tell anything of the story would be to spoil the pleasure of readers; and, besides, even an outline would occupy considerable space; for the book is long, though not a bit tedious. History, mixed with romance, is always attractive, and by such means important facts and names are easily impressed upon the memories of young people.

Sable and White: The Autobiography of a Show Dog. By Dr. Gordon Stables. Illustrated by Harrison Weir. (Jarrold.) Dr. Gordon Stables has in his time played many parts: naval surgeon, gentleman gipsy, and judge at dog-shows. He also has the gift of interesting readers in his own various tastes. Here he tells, at considerable length, the story of a colly, whom, like a true Scot, he names Luath. After winning first prizes, Luath gets lost, and passes through strange hands, which

gives the author the opportunity to describe the arts of the dog-stealer, the Home at Battersea, and the (hypothetical) chamber of a vivisectionist. This last scene we could well have spared. Many of the incidents recall to our mind a little book that we read in our childhood about the friendship of a dog called Captain and a cat: and though we have not seen that book for more than thirty years, we will wager that the pictures in it were likewise by Mr. Harrison Weir. It is pleasant to see that the pencil of the veteran has not yet lost its cunning. One thing, however, we must single out for unfavourable comment. Having introduced a cheap sneer at Agnostics, the author appends the following note, evidently intended to be serious (p. 119):

"Agnostic, a know-nothing or ignoramus, derived from the Greek word ἀγνοῶν [sic], I know not."

Gold! Gold! in Cariboo. By C. Phillips Wolley. (Blackie.) The title of this book, like a wild excited fever cry, gives a fair forecast of its contents. It purports to be a story of adventure in British Columbia early in the sixties, and nothing can be wilder or more pervaded by excitement than the various incidents that make up the story. Unfortunately, the story is not well told. The plot, such as it is, is disseminated and desultory, and the style is oftentimes jerky and abrupt, especially in the narrative and conversational portions. The author is at his best when describing the landscape environments of his adventurous heroes. Indeed, we do not know when we have read any book in which the characteristic scenery of the Frazer River is described with such graphic power—not to mention other physical features of British Columbia. Here, e.g., are a few sentences of undoubted vigour, possibly a little overstrained, but not so much so as to sacrifice truth to intensity of word painting:

"There is something about this river unlike all other rivers—something which it owes neither to its size nor its beauty. . . . From where Ned Corbett stood, high up above the right bank, he could get glimpses of the river's course for some miles. Everywhere the scene was the same, a yellow, turbid flood surging savagely along through a deep gully between precipitous mud bluffs, whose sides, stained here and there with metallic colours, vivid crimson and bright yellow, made them look as if they had been poured hot and hissing from Nature's cauldron, and that so recently that they had not yet lost the colours of their molten state" (p. 190).

The book must be read to be appreciated; but it will interest chiefly readers whose love of startling incidents absorbs every other passion and preference.

A Mannerless Monkey. By Mabel Wotton. Illustrated by Edith Ellison. (Innes.) Of course it is not pleasant to be called a "mannerless monkey" under any circumstances, but we expect that the real sting of it in Itonia's case was that it was not true. She was rampageous indeed, and thoughtless, and did all sorts of embarrassing and unexpected things; but she was a little lady after all. Her escapades are perhaps a little too sensational. She and her cousins could surely have played "Snakes" without upsetting everything on the dining-room table, and she might easily have got out of that china cupboard without breaking so much crockery. We quite sympathise with her desire to get rid of the little baby-lord, whom she thought would take away all her father's property; but it is rather difficult to believe that she could have successfully carried out her extravagant design of stowing him away in a forgotten garret until the whole country had to be searched for the missing little peer. It is a very nice story, though; and everybody, including the old grandmother and

the butler, are well drawn. It is impossible, too, not to fall in love with a little girl who tries to alter the colour of her brown eyes with blue chalk in order to please her grandmother, and mixes a pot of cold cream with the milk in order to cover the misfortune of the dairymaid, by which the real cream had come to grief.

Tom and his Crows. By J. M. E. Saxby. (Nisbet.) This is, let us admit it at once, a superior gift book. Superior at all events in plan and outline, remembering that the events recounted took place some twenty-five years ago; superior also in a style which can boast in nearly equal moieties both wit and humour—the shrewd keen raillery of the former and the contrasts pathetic and profound of the latter. If the style shows clear evidence of undue elaboration, a too continuous lack of unadorned simplicity, this is no more than might have been expected, the spiritual qualities of a book possessing such a character. Not so much can, perhaps, be pleaded for the plan of a book which abounds partly in improbabilities, partly in the customary stock in trade of Swiss adventures. To the outsider who catches the name of the book in a catalogue, or by letting his eyes run over the mass of books on a railway book-stall, the title may seem puzzling. It is not an ornithological monograph. "Tom" is not a naturalist who in these days of specialised studies has given particular attention to the *Corvidae*, or Crow family, and has collected his observations for the use of brother naturalists. The crows are rather the "featherless bipeds" which Plato inadequately defined as the race of humanity, and the great cynic Diogenes maliciously illustrated by a "plucked barn-door." In other words, "Tom," or "Nunc" as he is more familiarly designated, is a fond uncle who, owning certain nephews and nieces of a more than commonly pertinacious inquisitiveness, calls them, collectively, "crows"; but they are, notwithstanding the name and its implication, very delightful young people, not at all too inquisitive to be very charming company. We do not hesitate to say that *Tom and his Crows* is a book which most readers, fond of the society of young well-informed people, will heartily enjoy. "Crows" have long been regarded as almost the most sagacious of all the families of the great class of *Aves*, and those introduced to our notice by Mrs. Saxby are certainly not the least preternaturally clever and inquiring among their human analogues.

Second Sight. By A. Eubule Evans. (S.P.C.K.) The title of this interesting story does not mean the weird supernatural gift—the *Taisch* as it is called in Gaelic—of the Highland seer. The "second sight" here meant is the amended moral vision which comes from the disciplinary and improving self-tuition of a long and severe trial. Mr. Mountjoy, the young artist who undergoes this salutary probation, is a well-drawn and consistent character, probably the best, so far as its evolution is concerned, in the book. But the author has so often woven plots of fiction of various materials and textures before the reading public, as to have acquired no small measure of that facility in outlining and filling in mental or ethical processes, which may be likened to the technical skill with which an practised landscape painter fills in the lights and shades of his various pictures. In addition to this artistic excellence, the book possesses undoubted power, and nothing can be better than its tone. Compared with the other merits of the book, the illustrations are hardly up to the mark. They show evidence of that undue haste and hurry which mark our book-illustrators more and more, especially at this pushing season. After all, when Christmas

is made to begin at mid-November, one can hardly expect the calm leisure of art production in the illustrations which adorn Christmas books, and which seem so often to sigh forth, as Englishmen did on the occasion of the loss of their eleven days at the last change of our era, "Give us back our vanished six weeks."

Sifted as Wheat. By Elizabeth Neal. (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.) A clever story of personation, evidently founded on a well-remembered trial, leads to an innocent man being suspected of robbing a bank. His honour is triumphantly cleared by Mrs. Neal; and all ends happily by his marrying a beauty, "the whiteness of her throat and arms being set off by a jet necklace and bracelets," while "one pure white camellia lay amongst the coils of dusky hair." With no great pretensions to literary skill, Mrs. Neal has written an interesting story.

Namesakes. By Evelyn Everett Green. (Hutchinson.) This is an elaborate and well-constructed story of a secret which turns on the commission of a crime. As usual, the author's characters are well drawn, this remark being especially applicable to Guy Dangerfield, who, if anyone, may claim to be the hero of the story. There is little that calls for remark in the development of the narrative. Mrs. Green writes like the practised story-teller which she has now become. Her style leaves little to be desired, and she knows how to adorn her language with occasional but unobtrusive touches of humour and pathos. It used to be said of Anthony Trollope that he had acquired beyond every English novelist the art of describing proposals and their acceptance or rejection with the greatest possible variety and picturesqueness, but we have in *Namesakes* two proposals which seem to us to rival the very best of Anthony Trollope's. Two points of adverse criticism must, however, be charged against the book. The authoress allows her young ladies to use slang; and the story is too much spun out. But Mrs. Green has never written anything better than the death scene of Guy Dangerfield.

A Hit and a Miss. By the Hon. Eva Knatchbull Huggess. (Innes.) Our misses in this world are sometimes more fortunate than our hits, and this is, we think, the case in this book. The "Miss" or "The Passé défini Girl" is a capital story full of spirit and character. Both Meg and Winnie are very nice though very different girls, and after their youthful quarrels should turn into the firmest of friends. The other story is quite as well written, and will perhaps be preferred by many; but we are getting a little tired of the child hero or heroine who commits prodigies of self-sacrifice under the promptings of an abnormally acute conscience. Of course she ought to have been sorry that she handed to her brother the bad jackdaw's eggs, with which he spoils the dress and parasol of Miss Barnes by excellent shots from a window as Miss Barnes (a perfect stranger) passed their house in a carriage; but to think of her saving money out of her pocket money to buy another silk dress, and to set out by herself to find Miss Barnes in order to present it to her, is really a little too much. Yet the story is written so well that it is difficult not to believe that it is really true, word for word; and Ethel, after all, is a very nice little girl and not a bit of a prig.

Enid's Victory. By C. S. Lowndes (S.P.C.K.), is somewhat unreal, and its motive—to induce a child to love her grandfather and this grave relative to care for her—farfetched. The manner in which the dialogues are thickly sprinkled with "darling," "pet," and the like gives the book a very sentimental effect.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. have in the press a *Life of Sir Harry Parkes*, some time British minister in Japan and China, written by Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole, the biographer of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. It will be in two volumes, illustrated with a portrait and a map.

THE long-promised *Life and Correspondence of Dean Stanley* will be published by Mr. John Murray next Tuesday. It bears on the title-page that it is written by Mr. R. E. Prothero, the new editor of the *Quarterly*, "with the co-operation and sanction of Dean Bradley."

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN will shortly publish a new volume of collected essays by Dr. Jessopp, entitled *Random Roamings in Time and Space*.

THE First Supplement to Mr. Sonnenschein's bibliography of current literature, *The Best Books*, will be published early in 1894. It will comprise the more important literature of the years 1890-93, classified into sections, sub-sections, and paragraphs, under the ten headings into which Mr. Sonnenschein's scheme classifies knowledge—theology; mythology and folklore; philosophy; society, including law, political and social economy, commerce and education; geography; history; archaeology; science and medicine; arts and trades; literature and philology. New features in this Supplement are the fuller characterisation of each entry, which will extend to nearly every book, and the greater inclusiveness of the scheme.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL will publish immediately *A Chat about Orchids*, by Mr. Frederick Boyle, with coloured illustrations.

A SUPPLEMENT to *How to Write the History of a Family*, by Mr. W. P. W. Phillimore (which is now out of print), has been sent to press, and will appear at an early date. Among the additional chapters it contains are two on Scotch and on Irish Genealogy.

MESSRS. A. D. INNES & Co. have in the press a volume of poems by the Rev. Mosse Macdonald, which they hope to publish before Christmas.

MESSRS. WALTER SCOTT & Co. announce an edition of the works of Nathaniel Hawthorne, in twelve monthly volumes, each with a frontispiece in photogravure.

KHALIL EFFENDI SARKIS, editor and proprietor of the Arabic paper, *Lisan-ul-Hal*, published at Beyrout, has just arrived in this country from America, where he paid a prolonged visit to the World's Fair. He leaves almost immediately for Syria, accompanied by his nephew, Mr. Selim Sarkis, who has been acting for some months as special correspondent to the paper in London. *Lisan-ul-Hal* was established about seventeen years ago, and has the largest circulation of any paper in Syria. It is issued twice a week; but Mr. Sarkis intends, on his return, to publish it daily. The party also includes Soliman Effendi Bistani, editor of the first and only Arabic Encyclopaedia, who has the further credit of having introduced shorthand into the East.

THE following are the lecture arrangements at the Royal Institution before Easter: Prof. Dewar, six lectures (adapted to a juvenile auditory) on "Air: Gaseous and Liquid"; Prof. Charles Stewart, nine lectures on "Locomotion and Fixation in Plants and Animals"; Canon Ainger, three lectures on "The Life and Genius of Swift"; Mr. W. Martin Conway, three lectures on "The Past and Future of Mountain Exploration"; Prof. Max Müller, three lectures on "The Vedānta Philosophy"; Prof. W. H. Cummings, three lectures on "English Schools of Musical Composition" (with musical illustrations); Lord Rayleigh,

six lectures on "Light, with special reference to the Optical Discoveries of Newton." The Friday evening meetings will begin on January 19, when a discourse will be given by Prof. Dewar on "Scientific Uses of Liquid Nitrogen and Air"; succeeding discourses will probably be given by Mr. A. P. Graves, Mr. T. J. Cobden-Sanderson, Prof. W. F. R. Weldon, Prof. Silvanus P. Thompson, Prof. John G. McKendrick, Dr. W. H. White, and Lord Rayleigh.

DURING the first three days of next week, Messrs. Sotheby will be engaged in selling the library of the late Joseph Turner, of Leeds, who was a representative modern collector. His interests included county histories, illustrated works, first editions, and large-paper copies of the men of to-day. It was his pleasure to have the books of the same author bound uniformly by Ramage; and thus half-a-dozen volumes of varying degrees of interest often form a single lot. The collection is a select one all through, but we have not noticed that it contains any rarities of the very first importance.

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

THE *New Review*, on its change of publisher, is adding some new features. There will be a short story every month, and also one or two illustrated articles—not illustrated in the ordinary way, as a magazine, but only when the text is positively helped by illustration. The January number will contain two illustrated articles—by Prof. Max Müller and Mr. Walter Crane, the latter with fifteen original drawings. The number will also contain articles on the Anarchists by Major Griffiths, and on the Nihilists by "Ivanoff." Some pages are devoted to a recently discovered pocket-book of John Locke's, and Mr. Kinloch Cooke contributes a character-sketch of Lord Dunraven.

A NEW serial story, by Mr. Grant Allen, entitled "At Market Value," will be published in *Chambers's Journal* during 1894.

THE January number of *Good Words* begins a new volume. The programme for the year includes: a serial novel, by the Rev. S. Baring Gould, entitled "Kitty Alone," with illustrations by Mr. Gordon Browne; short stories by Messrs. W. Clark Russell, Bret Harte, W. E. Norris, Stanley J. Weyman, Amelia E. Barr, &c.; a series of brief biographies of "The Great Astronomers," by Sir Robert S. Ball, with portraits and numerous illustrations; "Famous Episcopal Palaces," by Precentor Venables; "Old Friends with New Faces," by Katharine S. Macquoid, with illustrations by Mr. Thomas R. Macquoid; "The Wandering Minstrels," by Mr. J. F. Rowbotham, with illustrations by Messrs. H. Railton and J. Jellicoe; "Birds' Wings," by Sir William H. Flower; "How a Sculptor Works," by Mr. E. Roscoe Mullins, illustrated from photographs; "The Apocalypse in Art"—the Revelation of St. John, as seen and illustrated by sculptors, painters, and engravers of the middle ages—by Mr. J. M. Gray, curator of the Scottish National Portrait Gallery; "Foreign Poets in Story and Picture," by Mr. William Canton; and "Travels in North Africa"—Constantine, Oran, Tunisia—by Mr. William Sharp.

THE January number of the *Sunday Magazine*, which begins a new volume, will contain the opening chapters of a serial novel by Annie S. Swan, entitled "A Lost Ideal," together with a portrait of the authoress; the first of a series of articles on "Early Christianity in Britain," by Archdeacon Farrar; "The Painter of Eternal Truths," by L. T. Meade, with numerous illustrations from the pictures of Mr. G. F. Watts;

and "Matabeleland and its People," by the Rev. H. T. Cousins.

THE January number of the *Young Man*—which commences a new volume—will contain stories by Silas K. Hocking and Robert Barr; an illustrated character-sketch of Mr. Balfour, by H. W. Massingham; an interview with Mr. Rider Haggard; an article on "Health and Exercise," by Sir B. W. Richardson; "My First Sermon," by Dr. Joseph Parker; the first of a series of illustrated papers on "The Microscope, and How to use It," by Dr. Dallinger; and a poem by Dr. Conan Doyle. During the year there will be stories by Gilbert Parker, S. R. Crockett, Barry Pain, G. B. Burgin, &c.; articles on "My First Sermon," by Archdeacon Farrar, Dr. Clifford, Mr. Price Hughes, and other preachers; a series of papers on "How a Morning Newspaper is Produced," by H. W. Massingham; a description of a journey "From Land's End to John o' Groat's on my Tricycle," by Archdeacon Sinclair; "Reminiscences of Victor Hugo," by the Rev. H. R. Haweis; "A Young Man's Impressions of the House of Commons," by J. Williams Benn.

A SERIAL story by Mrs. Molesworth, entitled "Sheila's Mystery," will be begun in the January number of *Little Folks*, which forms the first part of a new volume; and in the same number will be begun another serial by Mr. Henry Frith.

A NEW serial, "Girls of a Feather," by Mrs. Amelia Barr, chiefly devoted to a study of modern society in New York, will be commenced in the Christmas number of *Old and Young*.

MR. ASCOTT R. HOPE will commence a short serial school story in No. 68 of *Chums*, to be published on December 27.

MR. WILLIAM LE QUEUX, author of "Guilty Bonds," is writing the new serial for *Answers*.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

THE Emperor of Germany has sent a telegram to Prof. Max Müller, conveying his congratulations on the professor's seventieth birthday, and expressing a hope of soon receiving some more "Chips from the German Workshop" in England. The professors and teachers of German in the universities and colleges of England, Scotland, and Ireland have presented an illuminated address; and the Rector of the Imperial University at Odessa has telegraphed to the professor that he has been unanimously elected an honorary member of that university.

SIR ALFRED LYALL has been elected an honorary fellow of King's College, Cambridge. Sir Alfred was educated at Eton, whence he went to Haileybury; but, so far as we know, his only connexion with Cambridge is the degree of LL.D. conferred upon him in 1891.

MR. E. A. MINCHIN, of Keble, has been elected to the biological fellowship at Merton College, Oxford, for which there was so keen a competition. At least one of the dozen candidates could put after his name the initials F.R.S. It will be remembered that the recent research fellowship at Lincoln was also awarded to a biologist.

It is announced that subscriptions to the total amount of £3000 have already been received towards the Jowett Memorial Fund.

PROF. EDWARD CAIRD, the new Master of Balliol, has been appointed by the Crown a governor of the Bangor University College; and he has undertaken to deliver the address at the closing ceremony of the session, next June.

WE are glad to hear that the movement in favour of instituting popular classes in Greek is progressing; and we hope that the recent decision of the joint board of the London branch of the University Extension Society—not to recognise classes for instruction in the language, apart from courses of lectures—will be reconsidered, as it would (for obvious reasons) practically wreck this interesting experiment in education.

THE issue for 1894 of *Minerva*, the Jahrbuch of the learned world (Strassburg: Trübner), will have for frontispiece a portrait of M. Pasteur, etched by H. Manesse; and it will also be enlarged by several pages. Last year's volume, it may be remembered, had an etched portrait of Prof. Mommsen.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

COUNTERCHANGE.

SHE who is mine, and whom I hold not now
As other than myself, so large a vow
Was on me, when the treasure of her charms
At length had yielded to my suppliant arms,
And that which seem'd a vision half divine—
She who is mine—
Had own'd itself a woman, and for me:
In her serene soul, my soul can see
How Love, Truth, Purity, are only She—
She who is mine.

M.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE most important article in the current number of the *Antiquary* is Viscount Dillon's account of Sir Henry Lee, of Ditchley. The worthy knight's name is familiar to all of us as one of the chief characters in Sir Walter Scott's *Woodstock*. For the purposes of romance it was necessary to depict Sir Henry other than he was. When a great artist such as Scott tampers with biographical facts, it becomes the antiquary to hold his peace; but the instance before us should serve as a warning to lesser men. The real Sir Henry Lee belonged to a period before the Civil War. He was a young man when Henry VIII. was king, and he lived to see his four successors on the throne. Though by no means a court flatterer, he stood high in favour with Elizabeth, perhaps because his mother was a sister of Sir Thomas Wyatt. His death took place in 1611, some nine-and-forty years before the death of the grand old Royalist who figures in *Woodstock*. "And of the Cavaliers and Roundheads and Alice? They are more shadowy than Bevis; for," as Lord Dillon proves, "they are neither probable nor possible." Canon Wood gives some additional information regarding Saint Fremund, whose name is, it seems, still commemorated in Freeman's Holme, a field near Prescott House; and Mr. R. L. Hope continues his interesting notes on "Scottish Holy Wells."

PROF. MOMMSEN'S JUBILEE.

PROF. MOMMSEN has written the following reply to the memorial addressed to him, on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of his doctorate:

"Den Vielen in und ausser der Heimath, die zum und am 8. November meiner freundlich gedacht haben, vermag ich nicht so zu erwidern, wie ich sollte und möchte. Rechtes Danken muss geschehen Auge in Auge und Hand in Hand; mir ist es nur möglich ein kurzes Wort an alle gemeinsam in die Welt hinauszusenden.

"Es ist mir beschieden gewesen an dem grossen Umschwung, den die Beseitigung zufälliger und zum guten Theil widersinniger, hauptsächlich aus den Facultätsordnungen der Universitäten hervor-

gegangener Schranken in der Wissenschaft herbeigeführt hat, in langer und ernster Arbeit mitzuwirken. Die Epoche, wo der Geschichtsforscher von der Rechtswissenschaft nichts wissen wollte und der Rechtsgelehrte die geichtliche Forschung nur innerhalb seines Zaunes betrieb, wo es dem Philologen als ein Allotrium erschien die Digesten aufzuschlagen und der Romanist von der alten Litteratur nichts kannte als das Corpus Iuris, wo zwischen den beiden Hälften des römischen Rechts, dem öffentlichen und dem privaten, die Fakultätslinie durchging, wo der wunderliche Zufall die Numismatik und sogar die Epigraphik zu einer Art von Sonderwissenschaften gemacht hatte und ein Münz- oder ein Inschriftencitat ausserhalb dieser Kreise eine Merkwürdigkeit war—diese Epoche gehört der Vergangenheit an und es ist vielleicht mit mein Verdienst, aber vor allen Dingen mein Glück gewesen, dass ich bei dieser Befreiung habe mitthun können. Was ich, ausgegangen von ersten Studien des römischen Privatrechts, dabei meinen älteren philologischen Freunden, vor allem Jahn, Haupt, Welcker, Lachmann an innerer Anregung und äusserer Förderung verdanke, wie dann das Land Italien mit dem ewig belebenden Athem seines Bodens und in Italien die Lehre unseres Altheisters Borghesi, die treue Arbeitsgemeinschaft mit meinen Freunden Henzen und Rossi befreiend und den Blick erweiternd auf mich gewirkt haben, das habe ich lebhaft und dankbar immer empfunden, wo ich in die Lage kam mir zu vergegenwärtigen, was ich verfehlt und was ich recht gethan, und lebhaft und dankbar vor allem an dem Tage der Quinquagenarien. Ich bin übrig geblieben, einst der jüngste jener Kreise, jetzt fast der letzte. Dieser letzte dankt den Jüngeren und Jüngsten, dass sie des alten Mannes so, wie geschehen, gedacht haben.

"Wenn wir uns alle, ohne Unterschied der braunen und der grauen Haare, dieses Fortschreitens erfreuen, so soll darum nicht verkannt werden, in wie hohem Grade jede Steigerung der Ziele das Erreichen erschwert. Wie in den allgemeinen Verhältnissen, so ist auch in der Wissenschaft vieles nicht bloss anders, sondern auch besser geworden; aber dort wie hier stehen wir auch vor früher ungekannten und ungeahnten Gefahren. Wie wir dort die Erfahrung machen, dass es leichter ist die Höhe zu erklimmen als sich auf der Höhe zu behaupten und dass der reale Erfolg die Ideale eben so sehr erfüllt wie zerstört, so stehen wir auch in der Wissenschaft vor der Uferlosigkeit der Forschung, vor dem so lockenden wie gefährlichen Hinausschwimmen in das unendliche Meer, vor der schweren Aufgabe die vollkommene Erkenntniss mit der unvollkommenen Menschenkraft so weit in Einklang zu bringen, dass auch den Vielen einige Befriedigung und einige Hoffnung des Gelingens bleibt und derjenigen Verzagttheit gesteuert wird, auf welcher der Niedergang unserer höheren Jugendbildung am letzten Ende beruht. Die Sorgen wechseln wohl, aber sie enden nicht. Es ist ja vielleicht die Verzagttheit des Alters, die den freien und freien Ausblick in die Zukunft hindert; immer aber wird die Jugend des Spruches eingedenk zu bleiben haben, dass Mensch sein heisst Kämpfer sein. Es thut Noth, vielleicht mehr als je.

"Nicht alles hat man im Alter, was man in der Jugend sich wünscht; aber was in ungeahnter und bei dieser Gelegenheit mir voll zum Bewusstsein gelangter Fülle mir zu Theil geworden ist, das ist die Anerkennung zahlreicher und trefflicher Männer, die Treue und die Liebe derer, denen ich persönlich habe näher treten dürfen, meines Volkes sowohl wie anderer Nationen. Diesen bin ich noch insbesondere Rechenschaft schuldig über die zu diesem Tage mir für wissenschaftliche Zwecke zur Verfügung gestellte ansehnliche Summe. Das darin ausgesprochene Vertrauen giebt mir wie die Pflicht so das Recht ohne Rücksicht auf hergebrachte Weise darüber diejenige Anordnung zu treffen, die ich nach gewissenhafter Erwägung für die richtige halte.

"Für die sichere Fundirung derjenigen Arbeiten, mit denen ich mich beschäftigt habe, ist nichts dringender erforderlich als die Herstellung einer über die den Bedürfnissen der Wissenschaft nicht entsprechenden Katalogarbeiten hinausführenden Gesamtpublication der griechisch-römischen, einschliesslich der aus der römischen Reichsprägung hervorgegangenen Münzen, wozu jetzt die im

Auftrage der K. Preussischen Akademie der Wissenschaften unter Leitung des Hrn. Imhoof-Blumer in Ausführung begriffene Sammlung der nordgriechischen Münzen den Anfang gemacht hat. Ich werde die genannte Akademie ersuchen die mir zur Verfügung gestellte Summe zu diesem Zwecke zu übernehmen und, da jene Abtheilung finanziell sicher gestellt ist, zur Weiterführung des Gesamtplanes das Capital sowie die inzwischen auflaufenden Zinsen zu verwenden. Est ist mein Wunsch, dass baldmöglichst eine weitere Abtheilung in analoger Weise in Angriff genommen werden möge.

"Wenn alle Wissenschaft international ist, so gilt dies noch in besonderer Weise von der Numismatik. Jener Gesamtplan kann unbeschadet der Einheitlichkeit füglich für die einzelnen Abtheilungen in verschiedenen Sprachen zur Ausführung kommen, und falls die Gelegenheit sich dazu bietet, soll danach verfahren werden.

"Die bestimmungsmässige Verwendung dieses Fonds werde ich die philologisch-historische Klasse der Akademie ersuchen einer ständigen Commission von drei Mitgliedern zu übertragen und ihr dafür neben mir die HH. Imhoof-Blumer und Otto Hirschfeld in Vorschlag bringen. Bei Ausscheiden eines Mitgliedes werden die verbleibenden der Klasse einen geeigneten Ersatzmann in Vorschlag bringen. Dieser Commission wird es obliegen die von ihr sachlich und persönlich gefassten Beschlüsse der Klasse zur Bestätigung vorzulegen, so wie der Akademie jährlich für die Friedrichs-Sitzung Bericht und Abrechnung einzureichen. Wenn die fragliche Summe bestimmungsgemäss verwendet sein wird, so wird die Commission darüber Schlussbericht an die Akademie und durch diese an das vorgeordnete Ministerium erstatten, auch diesen Bericht in geeigneter Weise veröffentlichen. Es sollen in diesem Bericht die für die vollständige Ausführung des Planes sowie für die successive Ergänzungspublication alsdann noch erforderlichen Massnahmen erörtert und entsprechende Vorschläge zur Vollendung und Fortsetzung des Werkes dargelegt werden.

TH. MOMMSEN.

"Rom im November, 1893."

SLAVICA.

WE are glad to see that the useful Bohemian journal *Cesky Lid* ("The Bohemian People"), which is devoted to folklore, continues its career under the able editorship of Doctors Niederle and Zibrt. Among other things contained in recent numbers, are accounts of Bohemian dances with the music, gleanings of interesting dialectal words, descriptions of village national fêtes and costumes, &c. To those who know how rich the Slavonic races are in traditions and local usages, it will be sufficient to point out what a mine of wealth may be found here. The magazine is well printed, and contains excellent illustrations. A short summary is occasionally given of the chief articles in the folklore journals of the leading European nations.

Bulgaria, now thoroughly aroused from her long intellectual torpor, shows great literary activity. A new review has been started (*Bulgarski Pregled*) at Sophia, in which the first subject that attracts our attention is the adoption of a new orthography. We are not quite convinced of the desirability of this proceeding. The old letters originally expressing nasals, which have now lost that import, except in the case of a single dialect, disappear. But with them an historic feature of the language seems to have gone. The scope of the review is wide: questions of philology and political economy are discussed; and besides tales, there are occasional pieces of verse. In the number for October, among other articles is a poem translated from the Slovak author who wrote under the nom de guerre of Sladkovich, and Bulgarian literary style is discussed by L. Miletič. The reviews and notices of contemporary books are incisively written. By their strenuous efforts at self-education, the Bulgarians have proved their right to be

admitted among the cultured nations of Europe.

A little work has appeared at Belgrade, by Prof. Ljubomir Nedich, on the modern Serbian lyrical poets (*Iz Novije Srpske Lirike*). The writings of Jakshich, Zmaj (Jovanovich), Kachanski, and others are here brought under review. We are afraid that little is known in England of Serbian lyrical poetry; but the Serbs have produced some good writers, who have handled their rich and musical native tongue with considerable dexterity. The account given of the writings of the young poet, Bojislav, strikes us as very interesting; but, indeed, all the "critical studies," as Dr. Nedich styles his essays, are well worth reading. With such a beautiful country and such a harmonious and pliant language, one does not see why Serbia should be without her *vates sacer*.
W. R. M.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BEISSEL, S. *Vaticane Miniaturen*. Freiburg-i.-B.: Herder. 20 M.
BODENSTEDT, F. v. *Ein Dichterleben in seinen Briefen 1850—1892*. Hrg. v. G. Schenck. Berlin: Schenck. 3 M.
BRASCH, M. *Leipziger Philosophen. Portraits u. Studien aus dem wissenschaftl. Leben der Gegenwart*. Leipzig: Adolf Weigel. 4 M.
BULLÉ, O. *Die italienische Einheitsidee in ihrer literarischen Entwicklung von Parini bis Manzoni*. Berlin: Hüttig. 6 M.
DAUDERT, E. *Histoire diplomatique de l'alliance franco-russe*. Paris: Ollendorff. 3 fr. 50 c.
FLOURENS, E. *Alexandre III. : sa Vie, son Œuvre*. Paris: Dentu. 10 fr.
GRANDIDIER, E. *La Céramique chinoise*. Paris: Firmin-Didot. 50 fr.
KUCH, A. *Am Frankfurts Vergangenheit. Architektur-studien*. Frankfurt-a.-M.: Keller. 25 M.
KRAUSE, G. *Gottschalk u. Flottwell, die Begründer der Deutschen Gesellschaft in Königsberg*. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 6 M.
MERZARIO, G. *I maestri Comacini. Storia artistica (600—1800)*. Milan: Hoepli. 12 fr.
QUELLENSCHRIFTEN f. Kunstgeschichte. Neue Folge. 6. Bd. Wien: Graser. 7 M.
QUESNAY DE BEAUREPAIRE, A. *L'Âne des Korrigans, etc. (Légendes du Morbihan)*. Paris: Firmin-Didot. 10 fr.
REYNAUD, Ph. *Bibliographie des éditions de Simon de Colines 1520—1546*. Paris: Paul. 40 fr.
STUHLMANN, F. *Mit Emin Pascha ins Herz v. Afrika*. Berlin: Reimer. 25 M.
VERLAINE, Paul. *Quinze jours en Hollande*. Paris: Vanier. 5 fr.
WAGNER, J. Frhr. v. *Die Sächsische Schweiz*. Zittau: Oliva. 25 M.
WIELAND, Ch. M. *Neue Briefe, vornehmlich an Sophie v. La Roche*. Hrg. v. B. Hassenkamp. Stuttgart: Cotta. 6 M.
ZANGEMEISTER, K. *System d. Realkatalogs der Universitätsbibliothek zu Heidelberg*. 5 M. 50 Pf. Heidelberg: Winter. 5 M. 50 Pf.

HISTORY.

- CHASSIN, Ch. L. *La Vendée patriote*. T. II. Paris: Dupont. 10 fr.
GUIBAUD, P. *La propriété foncière en Grèce jusqu'à la conquête romaine*. Paris: Hachette. 10 fr.
JOURNAL de Marie-Thérèse de France (5 Octobre 1789—2 Septembre 1792). Paris: Firmin-Didot. 10 fr.
NAUDÉ, A. *Friedrichs d. Grossen Angriffspläne im 7jährigen Kriege*. 1. Thl. Der Feldzug v. 1757. Marburg: Elwert. 1 M. 60 Pf.
TAUBERT, O. *Die Schlachtfelder v. Metz*. 1. Lfg. Berlin: Duncker. 12 M.
VICINI, L. *Les Français à Rome pendant la Convention 1794—1795*. Paris: Le Soudier. 40 fr.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE, ETC.

- HELLMANN, G. *Schneekrystalle. Beobachtungen u. Studien*. Berlin: Müllersberger. 6 M.
QUATREFAGES, M. de. *Les Emules de Darwin*. Paris: Alcan. 13 fr.
REISS, W., u. A. Stübel. *Reisen in Süd-Amerika. III. Astronomische Ortsbestimmungen*, bearb. v. B. Peter. Berlin: Asher. 22 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

- OCHEVAL, V. *Histoire de l'Éloquence romaine, depuis la Mort de Cicéron jusqu'à l'avènement d'Hadrien*. Paris: Hachette. 7 fr.
GODEFROY, F. *Dictionnaire de l'ancienne langue française*. 75e Fasc. Paris: Bouillon. 5 fr.
SIRAWAHITI's Buch üb. die Grammatik. Uebers. u. erklärt v. G. Jahn. 1. Lfg. Berlin: Reuther. 4 M.
STENPLINGEN, E. *Strabons literarhistorische Notizen*. München: Ackermann. 2 M.
ZERWECK, N. *Die hebräische Präposition min*. Leipzig: Faber. 3 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE SEPTUAGINT versus THE HEBREW TEXT OF THE BIBLE.

III.

Athenæum Club.

In comparing the respective values of the Greek and Hebrew texts of the Bible, it is natural to turn to the Book of Jeremiah, in which, as is well known, we have a marked difference in the two texts. This difference had already been remarked by Origen (*Epist. ad Afric.* Migne Origeni Opera I. 53). He mentions what is obvious enough: namely, the transposition of the prophecies in the two versions. Jerome in his preface to Jeremiah, following his usual fashion of treating the Hebrew text as the one to be preferred, speaks of the confused order of the prophecies in the Greek and Latin Bibles, and tells us how he had corrected this by restoring the text to its pristine condition.

Modern criticism has not altogether supported the conclusions of Jerome in this matter. There has been a long polemic on the subject, undoubtedly; and in Germany, where *a priori* and deductive methods of reasoning are so fashionable, there have been found some to champion the Hebrew text at all hazards. But the tendency of the latest and minutest criticism has been very much the other way, notably in the works of Bleek and Hitzig, and in the two monographs devoted especially to the comparison of the two texts, one published in Germany by Scholz, and the other in England by Workman. The latter is an admirable book, and, as it seems to me, proves its case beyond doubt by careful inductive methods, combined with a close criticism of the results of Graf and others.

The most striking of the variations is the transposition in the order of the prophecies. In the Hebrew text the prophecies against foreign nations occupy chapters xxv., 15-xlv. In the Greek text they form chapters xxxii.-li. Not only so, but the order and sequence of the several prophecies differ in the two texts.

In both these respects the latest criticism has given the weight of its authority to the conclusion that the Septuagint version ought to be followed, and not the Hebrew. The Dean of Canterbury, whose natural prejudice was perhaps the other way, says in his Preface in the "Speaker's Commentary":

"It will strike everyone that the earlier part of the Gentile prophecies in the LXX. was probably more nearly that which they held in Jehoiakim's roll; and when we turn to chapter xxv. 13, we find them not merely expressly referred to, but called 'this book which Jeremiah hath prophesied against all the nations.' But in the Hebrew text they are separated from the pronoun 'this,' which indicated their immediate presence, by more than twenty-one chapters; whereas in the Septuagint they follow as soon as the sentence is complete."

Again, in commenting on verse 13 of chapter xxv. in the Masoretic order, the same writer says:

"The LXX. arrange the words in a very different way. They place a full stop after *book*, and then begin again. 'What Jeremiah prophesied against the nation of Elam.'"

The narrative then goes on to chapter xlix. 35-39 of the Hebrew text, which relates to Elam; and this points to the prophecies against Elam having come first in the original roll.

"In the Hebrew the prophecy is put at the end of all the Gentile prophecies, but with a title which, if genuine, would prove that it formed no part of the roll at all."

The title contained in verse 34 of chapter xlv. of the Masoretic text is entirely omitted in the Septuagint. On these grounds Dr. Payne Smith argues that the order of the prophecies

in the Septuagint is to be preferred to that in the Hebrew version. This he infers also from another fact. Speaking of the LXX., he says that it omits entirely verse 14 of chapter xxv.; and as this verse seems to refer in a very plain manner to chapter l. 9, 41, li. 27, 28, and as these chapters were certainly not written in the fourth year of Jehoiakim but probably eleven years later, "there is a clear probability that in this place the LXX. have preserved the text as it stood in Jehoiakim's roll."

Other and forcible arguments have been adduced by Bleek, Scholz, and Workman in the same behalf. The last of these authors claims to have shown that

"the position of the prophecies is not only the proper one, but also the original one, and that the arbitrary transposition was not the work of the Alexandrian translator, but was evidently made by a later editor or copyist in the Masoretic recension or text itself."

In regard to the order of the prophecies among themselves, the question has been discussed in great detail by Bleek, Scholz, and Workman; and the result of their investigation is thus stated by the English scholar: "While there is no probability that the order in the Greek has been 'arbitrarily transposed,' as Graf asserts, there is great probability that the order in the Hebrew has been purposely arranged according to a principle, partly geographical, partly chronological." Dr. Payne Smith, writing on this subject, says, "the order of the LXX. seems the more ancient."

Turning from these transpositions to other variations, I can only refer to some of the more palpable, since their number is very great, and in doing so prefer to refer to authorities of easy access.

Dr. Davidson, in his Commentary, says:

"Chapter x. verses 6, 8, 10 are omitted in the LXX., and would be better wanting. The same remark applies to xvii. 1-4, which the Greek wants. Again, xxvii. 19-22 are wanting in the Greek, and a few words only are found in their place. Movers appropriately remarks, against the authenticity of the Hebrew, the copious loquacity savouring of the commentator, not the prophet speaking with his contemporaries about things well known. Jeremiah would not surely have informed them what vessels Nebuchadnezzar left in the temple, nor what captives he carried away to Babylon. Nor would he have repeated in the 21st verse the same words as in the preceding one."

The Dean of Canterbury has pointed out that in verse 9 of chapter xxv. the Septuagint omits the words "and to Nebuchadnezzar," which are difficult grammatically. In verse 11 of the same chapter it omits the mention of the King of Babylon, and says "the Jews shall serve among the nations for seventy years."

"In verse 12 it again omits the King of Babylon and the land of the Chaldeans. In verse 13 it makes 'this book' refer very unmistakably to Jehoiakim's roll, and appends to it Jeremiah's prophecies 'against the nations,' putting as a title words which are quite out of place in the Hebrew text, as we cannot imagine Jeremiah himself to have said 'All that is prophesied in this book which Jeremiah hath prophesied against all the nations.' Finally, it also omits in verse 26 of the same chapter and verse 41 of chapter li. the mention of the King of Sheshach, or of Babylon, which again is difficult, for why should the prophet put here in cipher what in verses 9 and 12 he had put openly?"

Davidson says the phrase is certainly unauthentic and unsuited to the context.

"It seems probable, therefore," says Dean Payne Smith, "that the LXX. have preserved for us the earlier text, in which all direct mention of the King of Babylon is omitted, and the seventy years are given as the duration of Judah's captivity, and not of the Babylonian empire."

In chapter xxviii. verse 1, Jehoiakim in the

Masoretic text ought to be Zedekiah, as it is in the Syriac versions, and as it perhaps once was in the Septuagint, from which the verse is now wanting. In the Septuagint, chapter xxvii., verses 19 and 22 are much shortened; the additional phrases of the Hebrew text are treated by Movers and Hitzig as interpolations. In verse 1 of chapter xxviii., the words, "In the beginning of the reign of Zedekiah," which made nonsense in the Hebrew text, are omitted in the Septuagint.

In chapter xxix, verses 16 to 20 are not found in the Greek.

"It is evident," says Dr. Davidson, "that they disturb the connexion in which they stand. Without them the whole reads well and continuously, the twenty-first verse belonging to the fifteenth. Hitzig argues well that the added verses are not original, and formed no part of Jeremiah's letter."

In chapter xxxiii. verses 14 to 26 are absent from the Greek.

"It is difficult," says the same author, "to see anything in their contents which could prompt either a translator or transcriber to omit them. . . . But they do not belong to the present connexion. . . . Internal evidence shows that it [the prophecy] is not Jeremiah's. Verses 14, 15, and 16 have been taken from xlii. 5 and 6, as Hitzig points out. We suppose, therefore, that a later hand has added the passage."

J. D. Michaelis, Jahn, and probably Movers, agree in rejecting the words, and Dr. Payne Smith remarks of them that they contain many difficulties.

In chapter xxxix. verses 4 to 13 are wanting in the Greek. "They are," says Davidson, "without doubt, spurious, and disturb the connexion. Even Ewald admits this." I might largely amplify these details, but they ought to suffice.

The general result arrived at by Prof. Davidson is stated thus:—

"The preference belongs to the Greek text, which is judged too unfavourably by Keuper, Havernick, Kell, Nagelsbach, Wichelhaus, and Neumann, who stoutly maintain the Masoretic text on almost every occasion." Again, "our induction of passages may serve to show that the Greek recension is generally preferable to the Hebrew one. Neither is *always* correct. But in the great majority of cases the Alexandrine is preferable, because it appears authentic."

"From copious internal evidence," says Mr. Workman, "it must with disappointment be admitted that the character of the Masoretic text of Jeremiah is deplorably unsatisfactory. . . . From ample external evidence, moreover, the condition of the Hebrew text is also exceedingly unsatisfactory. In many ways, and at different times, it has unquestionably undergone considerable change. . . . A critical comparison of the Greek and Hebrew shows clearly that the latter text has been extensively and systematically modified (*id.* xxxi. and xxxii.)." And, again, he says: "If the Greek translation of Jeremiah really bears the relation which it seems to bear to the original form of this book, then it should not simply be consulted in correcting and emending the present Hebrew, but when its text has been restored it should itself be made the basis of reconstruction (*ed.* xli. and xlii.)."

Dr. Henry Preserved Smith has published a very interesting memoir on the value of the two texts in *Hebraica* for July, 1887. In this he says (*inter alia*):

"The cases treated in this paper are, I think, fair examples of the state of the text; and, if so, they justify the conclusion that the LXX. was made from a better text than the one preserved for us by the synagogue."

That the Greek version is not free from errors is true enough—errors of translation, errors of transcription, &c. Nor is it impossible that the

MSS., even those marked with oboli, &c., have failed to preserve the text from the interference of Origen and his eclectic theories. But in the main, there is reason to believe that we have it fairly pure; and if so, the position seems incontrovertible, which is stated by Kühl in the following sentence:

"Der Uebersetzer habe einen kürzern, vortreflicheren Text vor sich gehabt, und man müsse demnach in allen schwirigen kritischen Streitfragen den letzten Entscheid von der Septuaginta holen."

If these considerations follow from an examination of the Book of Jeremiah considered apart and by itself, they are immensely strengthened when the same conclusion (as we have tried to show) is found to be true of other works in the Bible. How much longer, then, are we to have the Rule of Faith of the Protestant Churches based upon a Bible which was systematically altered and sophisticated to meet the prejudices and polemical needs of the Jews, and which is in no sense, as Delitsch hyperbolically describes it, "a work transmitted for ages before the time of Christ by Palestinian and Babylonian tradition"?

Under any circumstances, it is assuredly time that some more special efforts were made to restore to us the pure and original text of the Septuagint as nearly as it can be recovered. If I have not exhausted the interest of the subject and the patience of your readers, I propose to continue my parable in another letter.

HENRY H. HOWORTH.

THE BRONTË MYTH.

St. Andrews, Fife: Dec. 9, 1893.

Mr. Noble's article in the *ACADEMY* on Dr. Wright's *The Brontës in Ireland* awakens afresh all my suspicions about the Wicked Foundling, Welsh, and the rest of it. Who is the authority for this legend? Hugh Brontë, grandfather of the novelists. Hugh was a big, obstreperous, imaginative person, who fought with ghosts, threw potatoes at the devil, and was the chief Sennachie, or romantic story-teller, of his district. Even granting that he anticipated Mr. Gladstone's legislation on some points, is Hugh a witness whose testimony can be accepted without confirmation? I fail to see that there is, or can be, any confirmation. Hugh was taken away, as a child, from his parents' home by Welsh, whom he was very glad to follow in his innocence. Hugh never returned to his parents, he never could find out even where he had lived as an infant; how, then, did he know the early history of Welsh? I am not aware that a single trace of the Brontës, the brothers and sisters of Hugh's aunt, Mrs. Welsh, and their children, can now be found. Thus, if I am right, the whole myth reposes on the word of Hugh, on the tale he told, among other tales, in later years; and how did he come to know the tale? Was it imparted to him by his aunt, the wife of Welsh? Was it she who divulged this long legend of villainy about her own husband?

If we examine the dates, we see how little faith can be given to the details of the "melodramatic situations," till now unrecorded in documents. There was, we learn, a Brontë on the Boyne soon after 1688. As his family grew up, he brings home a foundling, say in 1710. The foundling is called Welsh. Give him thirty years to ripen, and out the younger Brontës from their farm, and marry one of their sisters. That takes us to 1740. He is ruined, and then he comes to Hugh Brontë's father, his own brother-in-law, a prosperous man in Southern Ireland. For no rhyme or reason, this well-to-do farmer hands over his child, Hugh, to his deadly, if repentant,

enemy, under a solemn vow never to communicate with, or look for, the child. Where is the motive? Hugh's father may have believed that the son would inherit the tenancy of the old farm on the Boyne, but what is Welsh's motive? And why had Welsh by this time (according to Mr. Noble) assumed the name of Brontë? And why, after enduring "seven years' mental and bodily torture" from Welsh (*alias* Brontë), and, after running away from him, did Hugh Brontë call one of his own sons "Welsh," after the name of his mortal foe, a name which that foe had long previously changed? A less plausible fable never adorned the *Family Herald*. It would little surprise me if Welsh, *alias* Brontë, was really Brontë, and was Hugh's father, by a woman named Welsh.

It appears to me that Hugh, an imaginative teller of tales, a half insane battler with the devil, a champion who challenged ghosts to combat, may have invented the whole romance of the Wicked Foundling. That it can be correct in its details, after a hundred and eighty years, seems highly incredible. That Hugh told the story, that it reached his granddaughter, and inspired Emily Brontë's novel, is certain enough. But, as a narrative of fact, is it good enough to go to a jury? The mere circumstance that Hugh christened one of his sons "Welsh"—the rejected name of his torturer, according to the legend—raises a strong presumption that the Foundling story is one of old Hugh's yarns. He had a genius for romantic narrative, which, with the yarn, was inherited by his grand-daughters. This is very interesting, and Dr. Wright's whole book is full of picturesque merit; but concerning the truth of the yarn, we must remain in doubt, with a strong tendency to disbelief.

A. LANG.

A GREEK CHRISTIAN INVOCATION.

32, Torrington-square, W.C.

In the Edwards Collection, now in University College, there has lain for some years a small folded piece of papyrus, showing traces of writing.

On being damped and unfolded, it was found to contain a few leaves of a plant, identified by Mr. Newberry as trefoil, to have on the back remains of a design in thick brown strokes, similar to Kufic writing, and on the front a complete Greek invocation written in nine lines of clear uncial characters. Of this I am enabled, by Prof. Petrie's kind permission, to give the following transcription:—

+ ἀγγελοι ἀρχαγγελοι οἱ φυλάττοντες τοὺς | κατα-
ρακτας τῶν οὐρανῶν οἱ ἀπαλλάσσοντες τὸ | φῶς κατὰ
πάσης τῆς οἰκουμένης οἱ δικάζοντες | ἐχὼν μετα κύριος
ἀκεφαλοῦ ἐάν ἐλθῇ κρατῖται αὐτοῦ | καὶ ἐμεν ἀπολύσατε
διὰ τὴν δύναμιν τοῦ πατρὸς | καὶ τοῦ υἱοῦ καὶ τοῦ ἁγίου
πνεύματος ἀμήν | ὦ σαβᾶθ | θεοτοκε ἀφάρτε ἀμῖαντε
ἀμολυντε μῆτηρ | χριστοῦ μνησθητι οἱ σὺ ταῦτα εἶπες
σοι | παλιν θεραπεύσον τὴν φοροῦσαν ἀμήν +

"Ye angels and archangels who guard the floods of heaven, who cause the light to rise through all the earth, since I have a quarrel with a headless dog (?) if he comes, overpower him and rescue me through the might of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Amen. Iao Sabaoth. Thou who barest God, inviolate, spotless, virgin mother of Christ, remember that thou saidst this to thyself, again heal the woman who carries this amulet. Amen."

καταρακτες is the word used in the Septuagint in the sentence (Gen. vii. 11) translated "the windows of heaven were opened."

The reading κρατῖται (?κρατῖτε) is fairly clear.

What is a κύων ἀκέφαλος? Was the adversary an 'Ακέφαλος, heretic? The trefoil no doubt symbolises the Trinity.

J. E. QUIBELL.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

SUNDAY, Dec. 17, 4 p.m. Sunday Lecture: "The Stuff that Worlds are made of," by Prof. A. A. Rambaut.
4 p.m. South Place Institute: "The Leather Industry," by Mr. J. H. Daborn.
7.30 p.m. Ethical: "Abstract and Practical Ethics: a Reply to Criticism," by Mr. J. H. Muirhead.
MONDAY, Dec. 18, 5 p.m. London Institution: "Crabs," by Prof. W. F. R. Weldon.
8 p.m. Aristotelian: Symposium, "Is Religion presupposed by Morality, or Morality by Religion?" by Messrs. R. J. Byle, C. C. J. Webb, and A. F. Shand.
TUESDAY, Dec. 19, 6 p.m. London Institution: "The Principles of Commercial Geography applied to the British Empire," XII., by Dr. H. K. Mill.
7.45 p.m. Statistical: "The Perils and Protection of Infant Life," by Dr. Hugh R. Jones.
8 p.m. Microscopical: "The Ultimate Structure of Pleurosigma Angulatum," by Mr. T. F. Smith; "A New Screen for Monochromatic Light," by Mr. J. W. Gifford.
8 p.m. Civil Engineers: "Hydraulic-Power Supply in London," by Mr. E. B. Ellington.
8 p.m. Meteorological: "The Great Storm of November 16 to 20, 1893," by Mr. Charles Harding; "Rainfall and Evaporation Observations at the Bombay Water Works," by Mr. S. Tomlinson; "Changes in the Character of certain Months," by Mr. A. E. Watson.
WEDNESDAY, Dec. 20, 8 p.m. Geological: "The Stratigraphical, Lithological, and Palaeontological Features of the Gosau Beds of the Gosau District, in the Austrian Salzkammergut," by Mr. Herbert Kynaston; "Artesian Boring at New Lodge, near Windsor Forest, Berks," by Prof. Edward Hull; "Boring on the Booyen Estate, Witwatersrand," by Mr. D. Telford Edwards.
8 p.m. Folk-Lore: "Old Northern Folk-Lore and Folk-Faith," by Mr. F. Y. York Powell; "Scripture Tableaux on Italian Churches, and Votive Offerings," by Mr. W. H. D. Rieu.
THURSDAY, Dec. 21, 8 p.m. Chemical: "The Oxidation Products of Corydaine," by Prof. Dobbie and Mr. A. Lauder.
8 p.m. Linnean: "Enumeration of all Orchideae hitherto recorded from Borneo," by Mr. H. N. Ridley; "Hepaticae collected by W. R. Elliott in the Islands of St. Vincent and Dominica," by Mr. R. Spruce.
8.30 p.m. Historical: "The Colonial Empire of the Portuguese, to the Death of Albuquerque," by Mr. C. Raymond Beazley.

SCIENCE.

The Old Syriac Element in the Text of Codex Bezae. By F. H. Chase. (Macmillans.)

THIS is a very adventurous book. We have large Old Syriac fragments of the text of the Gospels; we are awaiting the publication of the practically complete Old Syriac text discovered by Mrs. Lewis; we have not so much as a fragment of the Old Syriac text of the Acts. Under these circumstances Mr. Chase has undertaken to show that the peculiarities of the text of Codex Bezae in the Acts can best be explained on the hypothesis that a succession of scribes made fitful interpolations by retranslating an Old Syriac text full of glosses into Greek. The hypothetical Old Syriac text is constructed out of the "Vulgate" (*i.e.*, the Peshitto) by the help of analogies drawn from a comparison between the "Vulgate" and the Old Syriac where accessible in the Gospels. Obviously, if he is right, Mr. Chase will have covered himself with glory. The Old Syriac text of the Gospels, when it is published, will prove to be the original of all or most of the peculiarities of the Bezan; in the meantime, it is almost a case of *ignotum per ignotius*. Mr. Chase is at a disadvantage in another way. The readers of Mr. Rendel Harris were able to follow the whole of his argument; a minority of Mr. Chase's readers, by no means all of his reviewers, possess even the working acquaintance with Syriac which is all he claims for himself; and the criticism which Prof. Marshall's attempt to explain the variations of the Synoptic Gospels, as arising in the course of translation from a common Aramaic original, has met with hitherto is rather alarming to outsiders. But it does not appear that Mr. Chase has to defend himself, like Prof. Marshall, against the

charge of assuming hypothetical forms, derived from questionable roots and used in hypothetical senses.

In his preface Mr. Chase gives a list of ten passages which he thinks will convince serious readers that there is something in his theory. The first is ii. 17, "their sons and their daughters" for "your sons and your daughters." In Syriac the confusion is very easy: *aitōn* and *ēmōn* are quite unlike in Greek. In ii. 47, *τὸν κόσμον* is substituted for *τὸν λαόν*; again, a clerical error is natural in Syriac and not in Greek, though *τὸν κόσμον* might be explained as the tail of a doctrinal gloss that had displaced the text. In iii. 13, *παρεδωκατε εἰς κρίσιν*, the two last words are an obvious gloss, and make up a phrase familiar in Syriac, and found once at least where the Greek has *παρὰδοῦναι* without addition. In iii. 14, *ἐβαρύνετε* for *ἡγήσασθε* might be explained by an easy clerical error in reading or copying a Syriac text. In iv. 32, D reads *καὶ οὐκ ἦν διακρίσις ἐν αὐτοῖς οὐδεμία*; E *καὶ οὐκ ἦν χωρισμός ἐν αὐτοῖς τις*; with nothing to correspond to either in the ordinary Greek text. It is a very probable guess that two Greek copyists are giving independent renderings of a Syriac gloss. In vi. 1, the omission of the second article *ἐν τῇ διακονίᾳ τῇ καθημερινῇ* is easily explained by Syriac idiom; the insertion of *ἐν τῇ διακονίᾳ τῶν Ἑβραίων* is accounted for by considerations which appeal to readers with a working knowledge of Syriac. The insertion of *ἐκ τῶν γένους* in vii. 24 has many Syriac analogies, though it is a natural gloss in Greek. In viii. 27, it is very unaccountable what in the Greek could make a copyist write *τῆς γάλης αὐτοῦ* (of Queen Candace's treasure); but "in unpunctuated Syriac the suffix of the third person, except in the case of the plural of masculine nouns, is as indeterminate as *ejus*, *ei* in Latin." So in Mark xvi. 11, we have (of St. Mary Magdalene) *οὐκ ἐπίστευον αὐτῇ*. In xi. 27, D reads

ἦν δὲ πολλὰ ἀγαλλίασις
συνεστραμμένων δὲ ἡμῶν
ἐφ' εἰς ἐξ αὐτῶν Ἀγαθος.

Mr. Chase argues that the first two lines, which correspond to nothing in the common Greek text, come from Acts viii. 8 and xx. 7 respectively, and that both come through the Syriac because the Syriac has the same word for *ἀγαλλίασις*, Luke i. 34, and *χαρά* Acts viii. 8, and the same Syriac word is used for *ἡβρουισμένους*, Luke xxiv. 33, and *συνελθόντες*, Acts i. 6 (which suggest the gloss *συνεστράφημεν* in x. 41), as is used for *συνηγμένον* in xx. 7. Lastly, in xix. 28, D reads *συνεχύθη ὁλη ἡ πόλις αἰσχύνῃς* for *ἐπλήσθη ἡ πόλις τῆς συγκύσεως*. The connexion of "shame" and "confusion" and "ashamed" and "confounded" is as common in the Syriac Old Testament as in the English: "of shame" in Syriac looks very like "and-she-was-ashamed." It would be just as easy to suppose that the reading of D is a conflation of *συνεχύθη* and *ἐπλήσθη αἰσχύνῃς*. Then, the question would arise whether *συνεχύθη* or *ἐπλήσθη τῆς συγκύσεως* were the original. The former gives an excellent sense, quite worthy of the judicious annotator to whom we owe *δράμοντες εἰς τὸ ἄμφοδον*. The course of

things would be: Demetrius held his meeting indoors; then they broke up and ran out shouting on the pavement round the block they had met in; a mob collected to find what was up, and rushed into the theatre in the hope of further explanations.

Be this as it may, a great many of the peculiar readings of D have exactly the look of a half-corrected proof from bad copy. There is again a muddle of two expressions, either of which would be natural, *e.g.*, in iii. 13, *τοῦ ἀπολύειν αὐτὸν θέλοντος* is just as probable in itself as *κρίναντος ἐκείνου ἀπολύειν*, the ordinary reading: *τοῦ κρ. ἐκ. ἀπ. αὐτὸν θέλοντος*, the reading of Codex Bezae, is of course impossible. Mr. Chase explains it on the hypothesis that *αὐτὸν θέλοντος* is a superfluous gloss derived apparently from a Syriac Diatessaron. In general, he appears to assume that the Syriac was glossed by a very laborious and futile process, and that Syriac copyists employed on Greek texts either knew the Syriac by heart, or, as seems more than once to be suggested, were following on a Syriac text while the master of the workshop was dictating from a Greek. Everyone knows that in Greek Testament narrative it is quite uncertain whether two verbs will be coupled by a conjunction or one of them; and if so, which will be thrown into the participle. Untrained copyists would obviously produce a plentiful crop of variants, and unskilful correctors would leave inextricable confusion. In xi. 25, 26, D reads *ἐξῆλθεν ἀναστῆναι αὐτὸν καὶ ὡς συντυχῶν παρεκάλεσεν*. Here we might have had *ὡς συνέτυχεν* or *συντυχῶν*, as the ordinary text has *εὐρών*. Mr. Chase explains *καὶ ὡς* as a literal translation of a Syriac gloss from ix. 38. In general, he explains all variations and confusions of this sort by the Syriac idiom, which habitually expresses tenses with a participle and a substantive verb. A scribe whose mother-tongue is Syriac may certainly be expected to bring Syriac constructions into Greek both in speaking and writing—there are plausible instances in vi. 7 and vi. 15. On the other hand, if *ἐθορύβουσιν*, in xi. 28, were not an exact parallel to the incontestable *ἐδολόνουσιν*, Rom. iii. 13, it would be simpler to explain it as a confusion of *ἐθορύβουν* and *ἐθορύβησαν*, than as a confusion of *ἐθορύβουν* and *θορυβοῦντες ἦσαν*. So, again, *κατοίκουσιν*, in ii. 46, is simply a case of omitted augment, and = *κατῳκούν*; *παρεδίδους εἰς*, in viii. 3, is just as likely to be a clerical error from the accidental doubling of *ε*, which was turned into *ο* as a Syriacism; *ἀπαχθῆναι* for *ἀπελθεῖν*, in iv. 15, may very well be an attempt at technical correctness, like *ἐπιτροπεύοντος* for *ἡγαμονεύοντος*.

The impression the book leaves is that Mr. Chase has a real case, which will have to be weighed much more fully than is possible here, but that he has overstated it and overlaboured it. G. A. SIMCOX.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DOES GREEK ATHÊNĒ = SKR. AHANĀ?

Oxford.

For many years the identity of the Indian *Ahanā* and the Greek *Athēnē* has been held by a certain school of comparative philologists as

an indisputable fact. In the Gifford Lectures of 1888 (p. 436) we are told that "*Ahanā*, as a name of the dawn, was known before Greek and Sanskrit separated," and that "phonetically the identification of *Ahanā* in the Veda and *Athēnē* in Greek is beyond the reach of criticism and cavil." Some years ago Sir George Cox, in his Preface to *Aryan Mythology*, is rather severe on "the Greek Lexicon of Dr. Liddell and Dr. Scott" for not having admitted the affinity of *Athēnē* with the Sanskrit *Ahanā*, which "is as well established as that of *Erinyes* and *Saranyū*, of *Ouranos* and *Varuna*."

I beg to be allowed to show that the equation *Ahanā* = *Athēnē*, although declared on such high authority to be well established, phonetically irreproachable, and beyond the reach of criticism, must be rejected as demonstrably impossible in the light of modern science.

It is quite true that a Sanskrit *h* may be represented in Greek by the dental tenuis aspirata *θ* as well as by the guttural tenuis aspirata *χ*. In one guttural series this change in the place of articulation occurs regularly before *e*-vowels. For instance, *θεῖος* = I.-E. *g^hen-io*, cp. Skr. *han-mi*; *θεός* (I.-E. root *g^her*) = Skr. *hāras* "glowing heat." But it is well known that this change in Greek to *θ* is only found where the original I.-E. sound was a media aspirata belonging to the "velar" series, sometimes symbolised by *g^h*. No change in the place of articulation occurs when the original I.-E. sound is a "palatal" (*gh*).

Now we are able to infer with perfect certainty that the *h* in Skr. *Ahanā* represents an original "palatal" (*gh*), because its cognate *ahan* "day," is found in Avesta in the form *azan*. A Skr. *h*, developed from a "velar" (*g^h*), is represented by *j* in Avesta, for instance, Skr. *drūham* = Avesta *drūjam* "deceit." I.-E. root *dhreug^h* (see Brugmann *Grundriss*, i. § 454). From this it follows that a Skr. *Ahanā* could only have been represented in Greek by an *Ax*-form, and that therefore *Athēnē* cannot possibly be identical with *Ahanā*.

A. L. MAYHEW.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

PROF. JESPERSEN, of Copenhagen, the author of *Studies over engelske Kasus*, has in hand an English translation and adaptation of his book, which is to appear at no distant date with Messrs. Swan, Sonnenschein & Co. It will contain much new matter and English illustrations and examples; and the already lengthy Introduction, which contains an extraordinary amount of acute reasoning and observation, will be still further enlarged.

WE regret to record the death of Prof. H. G. C. von der Gabelentz, at the comparatively early age of fifty-three. He is best known for his works on modern Chinese grammar; but he had also made a study of many of the languages of Oceania. His early life was spent in the judicial service. In 1878, he was appointed professor of Chinese and Japanese at Leipzig; but on the foundation of the oriental school at Berlin, under Prof. Sachau, he was summoned thither to teach the languages of Eastern Asia.

REPORTS OF SOCIETIES.

SOCIETY OF HISTORICAL THEOLOGY.

THE annual meeting was held at Oxford on Thursday, November 23, when an address was delivered by the president, Prof. F. Max Müller, on "The Limitations of the Authority of the Sacred Books of the East in the Study of the History of Religion." The name of the Society showed that it desired to see theology treated not merely as a system of ready-made dogmas but as a continuous growth of human thought, to be studied in its manifold manifestations in every part of the inhabited world. Historical theology must study the

historical documents of every religion; but sacred books represent almost always a secondary growth. None of the founders of the great historical religions had deemed it necessary to write a single line. In the lower ethnical religions it would be useless to ask for the founders of particular forms of belief and custom; and even in the higher national religions which had sprung out of them, which might be, like the Indian, Persian, Jewish, and Chinese religions, in possession of sacred books, we do not know their real founders or the authors of the books by which they profess to be guided. The case of Zarathustra was analysed; and it was pointed out that religious belief and custom spring up like dialects, being the work of men not in their individual but in their corporate capacity. On the other hand, while the Greek religion was a national one, Homer, Hesiod, and Pindar sprang from it, and their poems could not be reckoned as sacred books. National religions, therefore, might exist long before, and independent of, any sacred books. In the individual religions, also, Buddhism, Christianity, and Muhammedanism, we could only get at the deepest thoughts of their founders through the minds of their disciples. The origin of the Korān was traced as an example; and it was then shown that a further deduction had to be made from the authority of the sacred books, owing to the fact that the number of people who could use them was extremely small. Books in the recognised sense, as literary compositions for the public at large, did not exist before 600 B.C. Further difficulties arose when their language became obsolete or unintelligible. Nevertheless, the good elements filtered through, and had a vast indirect influence, as was the case with the Korān at the present day in Turkey, though no Turkish translation is allowed, and few can read Arabic. These limitations must never be forgotten by the student of historical theology. We could hardly realise what the effect would be, had the founder of a religion left us a complete outline of his doctrine in his own writing. Such dogmatic fixity would have prevented all healthy growth. Christian theologians had not always appreciated the privilege which they enjoyed, in possessing a sacred book whose good tidings had passed at least through one, if not through several, human channels.—Prof. Owen C. Whitehouse read a paper on "The Principle of Centralisation in Early Israel." The unity of social life in antiquity was the clan bound together by community of blood, the bond being renewed by participation in some sacra in which the god of the clan participated. As early as the time of Moses, the Israelite clans were united in the worship of a common deity, Jehovah. At the same time the separate clans had their special sacra (1 Samuel xx. 6, 28). Canaanite Camōth gradually absorbed the scattered local cults of Israelite worship, and a process of assimilation went on. Probably the God of the Semites was primarily, as Prof. Robertson Smith has shown, a god of each spot of local fertility. Thus there were many Baals. Jehovah, worshipped in different centres, would become similarly differentiated. But the Jehovah of the Hebrews was not primarily a god of local fertility. Varied indications (Hittite proper names, &c.) clearly indicate that he was primarily god of the sky or atmosphere. Assyrian parallels (hymns to Bel, Merodach, and Shamesh) would suggest that such a deity would more readily lend himself to comprehensive and ethical ideas. Jehovah became the central link of the scattered Israelite clans. But early history exhibits two tendencies—the centripetal and the centrifugal. The unifying centripetal force was intensified by the presence of a foe: the disintegrating and centrifugal by times of peace. War against Canaanites, Midianites, &c., stimulated the national consciousness of being the *'am Jahveh*. The high-place of the clan to which the Shophet or Deliverer belonged was the rallying point which tended to overshadow the importance of other Camōth. This principle was illustrated by reference to the examples of Joshua, Barak (Kadesh Nattali), Gideon, and his successor. As time went on, civilisation—especially the growth of agriculture as giving a stake in the soil—made centralisation for common defence more important. The proximate cause, however, that welded Israel into closer union was the growth of the Philistine power and the

life and death struggle which ensued. This at length brought even Judah into the Bund. The ultimate outcome was—the political side, monarchy; on the religious, the temple of Solomon. How are we to interpret the significance of the latter? This has been too much passed by in recent criticism. Yet, surely, the intimate relation between religion and social life in antiquity should lead us to find the religious correlate to the organic political unification in Israel. Nor ought our path to be obscured by the accident of the polytheistic tendencies of Solomon's harem. (1) We observe the growth of a definite priesthood at Shiloh, Nob, and other high places, and we observe also that the priesthood was hereditary. (2) The unique importance of Jerusalem made it the scene of rivalry between the Elids and the Zadokids. (3) The priestly family of Zadok became pre-eminent at Jerusalem. The power of the Jerusalemite sanctuary and its priesthood is attested by Jeroboam's attempt to strengthen the prestige of Bethel: for 1 Kings xii. 26-30 is, for the most part, historically credible (*pace* Wellhausen). The eighth century prophets are not, and do not profess to be, proclaimers of a new system of truths. They appeal to a nobler and purer past, which was vivid in the nation's historic consciousness. Thus Hosea protests against multiplication of altars, viii. 11, 12, compare Amos v. 4, 5, ii. 76, Isaiah i. 21, 26, 29, &c. These do not necessarily refer to a legislation, but to a tradition of the past, which probably became embodied in a code of wider extent than the Book of the Covenant. This Code was probably drawn up by the Zadokid priesthood, at the close of Solomon's or beginning of Solomon's reign, and was that which was discovered in the reign of Josiah. This was obviously not identical with Deuteronomy, but, like Deut. xii.-xxvi., was based on the Book of the Covenant and Law of the Two Tables, but went beyond it in including (1) Decalogue in its simplest form (see Kittel); (2) law of unclean animals in Deut. xiv., an attempt to consolidate into a definite system the various tribal cults of Israel; (3) Restriction of sacrificial functions to the priestly tribe of Levi; (4) More stringent exclusion of the worship of other gods, (5) Regulation of worship of high places, abolition of *kedōshim* and *kedōshōth* and the *Asherah*. This is a tentative sketch of the legislation which the Zadokid priesthood drew up as the organised expression of the new ideals. The disruption shattered the nascent evolution of a Torah which might have exercised a marked influence on the next three centuries: "excussī manibus radii revolutaque pensa."

ARISTOTELIAN SOCIETY.—(Monday, Dec. 4.)

SHADWORTH H. HODGSON, Esq., president, in the chair.—Mr. A. Boutwood was elected a vice-president. Miss E. E. Constance Jones read a paper on "The Import of Categorical Propositions." As far as general (or so-called "formal") import is concerned, it is not open to us to admit several alternative interpretations of categorical propositions of the form *S* is *P*. In both subject and predicate both aspects, or momenta, of the term have to be taken into account—viz., the application and the signification (or characterisation); but the application-aspect is prominent in the subject, and the characterisation-aspect in the predicate. What every categorical proposition, without exception, affirms or denies is, identity of application in diversity of signification or characterisation. The affirmative copula imports identical application, and there must be diversity of characterisation, or we lapse into *A* is *A*. The negative copula imports difference (otherness) of application, and this "otherness" involves diversity of characteristics. If, instead of the unmeaning *A* is *A* as an expression of the law of identity, we accept an explicit law of identity-in-diversity, to the effect that everything has a plurality of characteristics, or everything is an identity-in-diversity, then we have a principle which justifies categorical propositions of the form *S* is *P*; is in line with the best expressions of the laws of contradiction and excluded middle; is an obvious and sufficient basis of conversion and other immediate inferences; affords a complete rationale and an absolutely general canon of mediate inference; and is naturally and interest-

ingly connected with a general formulation of the principle, or assumption, on which inductive inference, as such, proceeds.—The paper was followed by a discussion.

ANGLO-RUSSIAN LITERARY SOCIETY, IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.—(Tuesday, Dec. 5.)

ED. A. CAZALET, Esq., president, in the chair.—An article, by M. Jules Simon, in the *Figaro* of November 9, was read. The following is a translation of the passage in which the distinguished French author refers to the objects and utility of the Society: "An Anglo-Russian Society has been founded in London, in order to bring together the two countries by first bringing together their literary men. I was invited to join—probably as a Russian; but I would also join as an Englishman, because I am accustomed to take the good side of every people, and I can never forget that Englishmen first initiated parliamentary freedom in the world." Similar societies are now being founded in Italy, Austria, Switzerland, and other countries. It was announced that Baroness Suttner, the founder of the League of Peace at Vienna, had been interviewed by M. Borzenko, a member of the Society; and the result was, that the two bodies would enter into communication with each other.—A Russian poem, written by M. Kremlöv on the death of the composer Tchaikovski, was read by the hon. secretary, and elicited general admiration.—Mr. W. J. Birkbeck then read "Some Notes upon the Monks and Monasteries of Russia." He explained that the Russian was a monastic Church, and also a great national Church, which is held in higher honour than in other countries. Public buildings, devoted to the service of the Orthodox religion, both ancient and modern, are the most prominent and richly decorated edifices in Moscow, Petersburg, and other great cities; whereas, in many other capitals of Europe, they may be often looked upon as almost vanishing. Moscow is surrounded by a circle of monasteries. Russia's chief strength lies, not in her army, nor in her fleet, nor in her fortifications, but in her Church. When the French army is destroyed, and her capital occupied by an enemy, France has to come to terms with him; and the same thing, we constantly hear, if we substitute the fleet for the army, would be true of England. Whereas, if the Russian army were defeated in the field, only the first line of defence would be destroyed: there would be the Russian winter and the Russian peasantry behind to take up the national standard. And even supposing all these should fail—and history tells us that, though some time or other they have each saved their country, there have been occasions upon which they have all three been overcome—there remains behind them the Church of Russia, which has never failed her in her need, but which, in her long and eventful history, has given her strength to hold her own, to multiply and increase, to bear the heavy yoke of the Tartars without perishing under it, and at length to cast it off: to outlive and overcome the anarchy which followed the failure of the royal dynasty, to ward off and drive back the Swedes, the Poles, the Austrians, and Turks, to break the power of Napoleon and the army of twenty nations which accompanied him; in short, to become what she is at the present day. The first thing that was accomplished towards the future greatness of Russia by monks was the invention of the Slavonic Alphabet, and the translation of the Scriptures and the service-books of the Church into the Slavonic tongue by the two Greek monks, Cyril and Methodius, in 863—i.e., a century before the conversion of Russia to Christianity. The history of the multiplication of monasteries in Russia was then told. Many towns visited by the lecturer turned out to owe their existence to a monastic foundation, and the consequent attraction of Russian colonists to it as a centre of enlightenment and civilisation. In Russia, the monks are often spoken of as an idle body of men; but, although, in the case of some communities, this may be true, the result of personal investigation had proved to the lecturer that these accusations are unfounded. Many monasteries are centres of industry, and contain excellent schools, workshops, and other institutions of the greatest value to the surrounding population. A model monastery is that in Valaam, an island in Lake Ladoga, through which flows

the limpid river Neva on its way to St. Petersburg. The monks have built steamers, made engines, and supplied their buildings with a huge iron reservoir on a hill, into which water is pumped from the lake. As regards discipline, the lecturer and his Russian companion, formerly an ambassador, were not allowed to smoke, the sub-prior observing that "the rule must be kept by all; people come here to pray, and not to smoke." Some curious hermitages were described, and the paper concluded with quotations from unpublished letters written by Dean Stanley, who visited a monastery near Moscow together with the Emperor Alexander II.—The Rev. E. Smirnoff spoke in high terms of Mr. Birkbeck's thorough knowledge of his subject; and Mr. J. Goldsmith Procter described a monastery he had visited in Siberia, near the River Yenisei, where kindness and hospitality had been shown to him and his friends.

FINE ART.

Rembrandt: His Life, his Work, and his Time. By Emile Michel. Translated by Florence Simmonds, and edited by Frederick Wedmore. (Heinemann.)

ONE is sometimes inclined to think it is lucky for the Old Masters that they are dead. There are few, if any, of them which have escaped from scathing criticism from one section or other of modern critics. When we read the Handbook to the National Gallery, with its comments so industriously collected by Mr. Cook from the writings of Mr. Ruskin, we feel that more than half the pictures in Trafalgar Square are really beneath the notice of a rational person; when we read the writings of the "modern" critic, we find that most of the artists which Mr. Ruskin selects for special praise were not artists at all, were painters still less, that they were all permeated with the obnoxious "literary idea," and did not understand the proper use of the paint-brush or the right value of paint. On the other hand, it is encouraging to find that at no time have all the Old Masters been overthrown altogether. Our great-grandfathers admired Raphael, Michael Angelo, Correggio, and the later school of Bologna. Then the Pre-Raphaelites, the "primitives," rose into public estimation; and now it is the turn of Velasquez, and Rubens, and Franz Hals, and the Dutchmen generally. It is singular that, notwithstanding all those apparently violent fluctuations of taste, as shown in the writings of the critics, nearly all these Old Masters have still rather increased than diminished in reputation. With the exception of the later Italians of Bologna and Naples (and these are sure to find a champion before long), their works are sought for more eagerly than ever, and their value has increased and is still increasing. So great, indeed, is our interest in the Old Masters themselves, that no pains is thought too great to discover every detail of their lives and their works, even though they were not artists of the first rank. The solution of a vexed question of a birth date is regarded as ample compensation for months of labour; and to have proved that a particular painter was in a particular place in a particular year is almost a reputation in itself.

Of all the greatest masters probably none has been more abused than Rembrandt, and he has not only been abused but grossly insulted. His works have been stigmatised

as low and vulgar, and his character has been loaded with calumny. Even his most unique and divine gift as an artist and as a poet, that power to so use light and shade as to touch the most profound and solemn of human emotions, has been turned against him as evidence of his unworthiness as a man and a painter. Yet, neglected as he was by his contemporaries, and despised as he has been since by many cultivated men, the force of his genius has been such that he has never been without admirers and followers, and that to-day he is almost universally acknowledged as one of those few greatest artists of all time whom we can count almost on the fingers of a hand. Even in his lifetime, when, after the glorious success of his prime, he had sunk into obscurity and great poverty, he obtained the commission for perhaps his greatest work, "The Syndics"; and connoisseurs had already begun to make collections of his etchings, which have been rising steadily in value ever since; while, if we want to have a proof of the widespread interest which is taken in him and his work at the present day, we have only to look at the beautiful book which is the subject of this review.

There is almost enough here to make this book interesting, without regard to Rembrandt's rank as an artist. In what other volumes can we find a whole human life so illustrated? Though there is no such thing as art which is entirely divorced from the character of the artist, it is seldom that a painter gives us more than a hint here and there of his personal history; but Rembrandt's *œuvre* is nothing else than an autobiography drawn with the etching needle and painted with the brush. Of that great quality of art, without which to some persons art itself can scarcely be said to exist—the power of idealising the human form so as to express beautiful or grand ideas in terms of physical loveliness and strength—Rembrandt possessed little or nothing. In the expression of emotion, in the dramatic effect of line, there were, on the other hand, few, if any, greater masters. But he adhered strictly to his model, finding in gesture and pose and grouping sufficient power to realise his conceptions, and in light and shade a magic wand which could transfigure the poorest type with majesty or pathos. Nor did he seek for his models: his wife, his mistress, his son, his friends, and last, not least, himself, were enough for him; and, like a small band of trained actors, they appear again and again in all the hundreds of little plays which his imagination devised. So in this delightful book, with its over three hundred faithful reproductions of his works, and the excellent narrative of M. Michel, we are able to watch his career as an artist and as a man, to live with him almost, from his youth to his death.

Of the manner in which the book has been produced, there is little to be said except in praise. The original text of M. Michel is so careful and comprehensive, so sensible and so sympathetic, that it must for long remain the most useful and popular of all books on this great subject; and Miss Simmonds's translation is competent and readable, its main fault being a too close adherence to the French—as when she

describes Rembrandt's last studio as "naked and lamentable." Of Mr. Wedmore's labours as editor there is necessarily little shown, and he tells us in his somewhat meagre preface that he has "sought to efface himself"; but the English version of the book bears witness to his good judgment in the important matter of the illustrations. Those omitted from the French edition, though more in number, are in no way equal in importance or beauty to those he has added to Mr. Heinemann's beautiful edition, and we could have spared even more, to have gained (as we have) Lord Ilchester's "Portrait of Rembrandt" (1658) and the Glasgow's Corporation's "Man in Armour."

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

Tennyson and his Pre-Raphaelite Illustrations, by Mr. G. S. L. Layard, is announced for immediate publication by Mr. Elliot Stock. The volume will contain, among other illustrations, a thumb-nail sketch of Tennyson reading "Maud," by Mr. Holman Hunt; and two drawings by Miss Siddal (afterwards the wife of D. G. Rossetti), which have never been published before; also, the original sketches for some of the wood engravings in the quarto illustrated edition of Tennyson's Poems.

It is proposed to hold an exhibition at Glasgow, in the galleries of the Institute of the Fine Arts, during July, August, and September of next year, to illustrate the history, progress, and life of that city. The exhibition will include: portraits and relics of local worthies; views and maps; early printed books and other historical literature; charters and MSS. relating to the city, the university, the churches, and the schools; models, &c., illustrating the growth of manufacture; and domestic articles, such as silver-plate, ornaments, dress, &c.

THE growing number of amateurs of book-plates may be glad to know that Messrs. H. Grevel & Co. have published in this country a quarto pamphlet containing twenty-five symbolical ex-Libris, designed by Mr. Clemens Kissel, of Mainz. Many of them are for libraries or booksellers; and the prevailing characteristic is that they shall all disclose the profession or pursuits of their owner. Considering that they are German, it is hardly necessary to say that the heraldic element is not omitted. They show throughout a graceful pencil, and we have been particularly pleased with some of the borders. The paper and printing are admirable.

THE STAGE.

THE Independent Theatre is certainly far better justifying its existence by its more recent policy of producing works by English writers of some admitted literary position, than by its earlier habit of presenting its supporters with translations of foreign work conspicuous, as a rule, not so much for ability as for depth of superfluous gloom. M. Zola's "Thérèse Raquin" was, of course, an exception; even as a comparatively juvenile and partially immature work of an accepted master, it deserved to be represented. The English play of modern life by Dr. Todhunter, which was offered a week ago, must be set down, like the performance of Mr. George Moore's "Strike at Arlingford," and that of Michael Field's yet more recently produced play—and, for the matter of that,

though in a different fashion, like the performance of Webster's "Duchess of Malfi"—this thing must be set down, we say, as to the credit of the Independent Theatre. Of Dr. Todhunter's play, report affirms that it displayed far more literary ability, and more vigour in conception of character, than is customary on our stage, where, as has more than once been pointed out in the ACADEMY, the glamour of the footlights and the interest of actual representation are wont to bestow upon a piece, in the imagination of the spectator, a literary flavour which generally evaporates whenever the chance is afforded him of reading the piece, and so of comparing it, under fair conditions, with that which is admitted to be literary and distinguished in narrative fiction. Such comparisons generally disclose the circumstance that the first-rate contemporary dramatist is, so far as style, insight into character, and general literary quality are concerned, about on a level with the novelist of the third rank. To be accepted by the multitude he must, in many cases, employ absurd coincidences, avail himself of cheap effects, and mix a large alloy with the gold of his dialogue. Very few of the dramatists who have of late availed themselves of facilities for printing and publishing their plays have stood the test as well as one could have wished. Perhaps those who have stood it best have been those who have been (in, at all events, a portion of their work) the least ambitious—Mr. Pinero, to wit. His "Dandy Dick," avowedly a long farce and nothing more (save that, unlike the farce of old days, it is furnished with some very smart writing), is, in its own way, thoroughly agreeable fooling: one can read it with that smile of satisfaction which is rarer and more cordial than the smile of indulgence. "Dandy Dick" is the latest published of those plays by Mr. Pinero which Mr. William Heinemann has sent to us. Like therest, it is accompanied with an introduction by Mr. Malcolm Salaman, which is instructive, frank, and pleasantly chatty. In the present case, Mr. Salaman agreeably reminds us of Mr. John Clayton's connexion with the piece. This much-regretted actor and amiable man took it into the provinces on what was destined to be his last tour. In it he was accustomed to be admirable, though, if we may ourselves pronounce upon the matter, not quite so irresistibly funny as in "The Schoolmistress." In the part of the Dean's horsey sister, one absolutely sees Mrs. John Wood as one reads the play. Never was a given character better designed for a given actress.

WE have received from Messrs. Lawrence & Bullen *Theatrical Notes* by Joseph Knight. This is a very modest name for a substantial volume, dealing in what is, for the most part, a very substantial way with the most notable plays and the most notable performances of a period beginning with 1874 and ending with 1879. It is reprinted from the *Athenaeum*, a journal to which, during well-nigh a generation, Mr. Knight has been a valued contributor. In writing upon theatrical matters he does not confine himself—so it is understood—to that paper; but it is probable that, being a weekly journal, the *Athenaeum* is the organ of his maturest and most considered judgments. Mr. Knight has, we are sure, done wisely in not reprinting all that he found it convenient to write during the five years with which his present volume deals; for much of the stage matter criticised must, on reviewing it many years later, have been discovered to be of evanescent interest. Important pieces and remarkable performances alone have a claim to be considered in a book which does not affect quite the amplitude of professed history, but which is yet a sufficiently comprehensive chronicle; and it is upon this principle

that Mr. Knight has proceeded in making his selections. The years on which he has drawn afford him his records of many an admirable performance by the company of the Théâtre Français at the Gaiety, of that which, as we can well recollect, was the scarcely less perfect rendering of the "Danicheffs" at the St. James's, with Madame Fargueil, Mdlle. Hélène Petit and M. Marais, and of a performance so avowedly epoch-making as that of Mr. Irving in "Hamlet." These things which we have mentioned are but samples. Many others, perhaps almost equally important, might have been cited by us in their place. The author of the volume commends himself for three chief reasons; first, fulness of resource in illustration; second, literary ease; third, and most important, tolerance and sanity of judgment. Mr. Knight, like Mr. Moy Thomas and Mr. Alfred Watson, is pre-eminently a critic of good sense. Avoiding, by reason of his own temperament as we surmise, the extremes of subtlety, he avoids just as certainly the pitfalls of the faddist. Accordingly, his pronouncements find general acceptance. It may be hoped that before long he will see his way to follow up the volume that is before us with further ones, which shall carry the story of his experiences down to the present time. Never eccentric, never doctrinaire, never purely, or even chiefly, theoretical, Mr. Knight's work makes smooth and satisfactory reading. But, indeed, how much excellent theatrical criticism exists at this day, or has been written of recent years in England! In America, one man may conceivably be more gushing, and another more simply smart. In France, one man is, it is allowed on all hands, more overwhelmingly and astoundingly influential, and another more studiously individual—we refer, of course, to M. Sarcey and to M. Lemaître—who has indeed "le moi un peu facile"—but, whatever may be said against it, English theatrical criticism as a whole compares well with that of any other nation; and Mr. Knight is certainly one of the writers whose existence allows us to make such a statement with confidence.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

HANDEL'S "Jephtha" was performed by the Royal Choral Society at the Albert Hall, last Thursday week. Once every three years high Handel festival is held at the Crystal Palace; but apart from the performances of "Messiah" and "Israel" by Sir J. Barnby's choir, or an occasional performance of some other Oratorio, London, during the interim, pays but little heed to the composer. That "Jephtha," Handel's last, and in some respects greatest oratorio, should now have been given is a healthy sign, and there are other of his works lying in oblivion which are equally deserving of a hearing. Sir J. Barnby, encouraged by the success of "Jephtha," may turn again to the rich Saxon mine. But there is certainly room in London for another oratorio society, for the one at the Albert Hall, with its limited number of concerts and favourite works, the repetition of which seems almost a necessity, can, at best, do but little in the matter of revivals. Fetish worship of Handel is retrogression, and fetish worship of Wagner is narrow-mindedness; if only one listen in the proper frame of mind, each master can be enjoyed. A worthy revival of some of Handel's noble works would, we believe, meet with proper support. But to return to "Jephtha." The singing of the choir was magnificent. The rendering of the mighty choruses, "When his loud voice in thunder spoke" and "Cherub and

Seraphim" were wonderfully impressive. The principal vocalists were Mrs. Henschel, Miss Janson, and Messrs. Lloyd and Norman Salmon, who all sang well. Sir J. Barnby conducted with his usual care and energy.

M. Paderewski is undoubtedly the lion of the season. At last Saturday's Crystal Palace Concert he played his Polish Fantasia; and once again that characteristic and brilliant work for pianoforte and orchestra, as played by the composer and conducted by Mr. Manns, roused the audience to enthusiasm. But having recently written about this Fantasia, we will turn to the last Monday Popular Concert, at which the Polish artist appeared as composer, pianist, and accompanist. The glory achieved by the greatest pianists, though dazzling, is, at best, but of short duration; and Paderewski, like his great predecessors, Liszt and Rubinstein, seeks after the more lasting honours which await the successful composer. Six of his songs were sung by Mr. E. Lloyd. The poems of Mickiewicz tell, for the most part, of tears, sighs, kisses, of pain and death; and the composer has well reflected the romantic or melancholy moods of the poet. The first song is as quaint as it is sad—the spirit of Walther's Prelied seems to overshadow it—but it is in no sense an imitation of Wagner. No. 2, "The Piper's Song," with its wayward melody, and happy touches of realism in the accompaniment, is a delightful number. Of the other songs, "Pain have I endured" is full of tender fancy and feeling. M. Paderewski played all the accompaniments; and with the help of Mr. Lloyd, who was in excellent voice, these delicate little compositions were presented under conditions unusually favourable. The composer's thoughts are, perhaps, delicate rather than deep: the fanciful outlines, the harmonic colouring, so alluring, and the wonderful lights and shades which the pianist throws into the important though not unduly prominent accompaniments—all this prevents one analysing the music in cold blood. But whatever the actual strength of the unwrought stuff, the effect of the whole is artistic, pleasing, and not without good promise. M. Paderewski played, as solo, Weber's Sonata in A flat. In this work there is everything to tempt a great pianist: in every page breathes the soul of romance, while the technical difficulties provoke a virtuoso to put forth his best powers. There were a few affectations in the reading of the opening movement, and the tone of the melody in the Andante, at times, lacked warmth; but the rendering of the Sonata, as a whole, was magnificent, and such a performance has not been heard in London since Rubinstein's last visit. So far as clean execution is concerned, the Polish player surpasses the Russian. There is a certain natural tendency to over-refinement in Paderewski; and even in music like that of Chopin and Weber, which allows a player to give full rein to his individuality, this proves a disturbing and, frequently, weakening element. From this tendency Rubinstein is singularly free. The programme opened with Mozart's Quintet in G minor, admirably played by Lady Hallé and Messrs. Gibson, Hobday, and Whitehouse; and closed with Brahms's fine pianoforte Quartet in A.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

MUSIC NOTES.

THE Christmas number of the *Musical Times* is devoted to the life and works of Handel. The illustrations include mementoes of Handel—such as his bookcase, watch, ring, &c.—numerous portraits, and facsimiles of MSS., including two pages of his holograph will.

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